HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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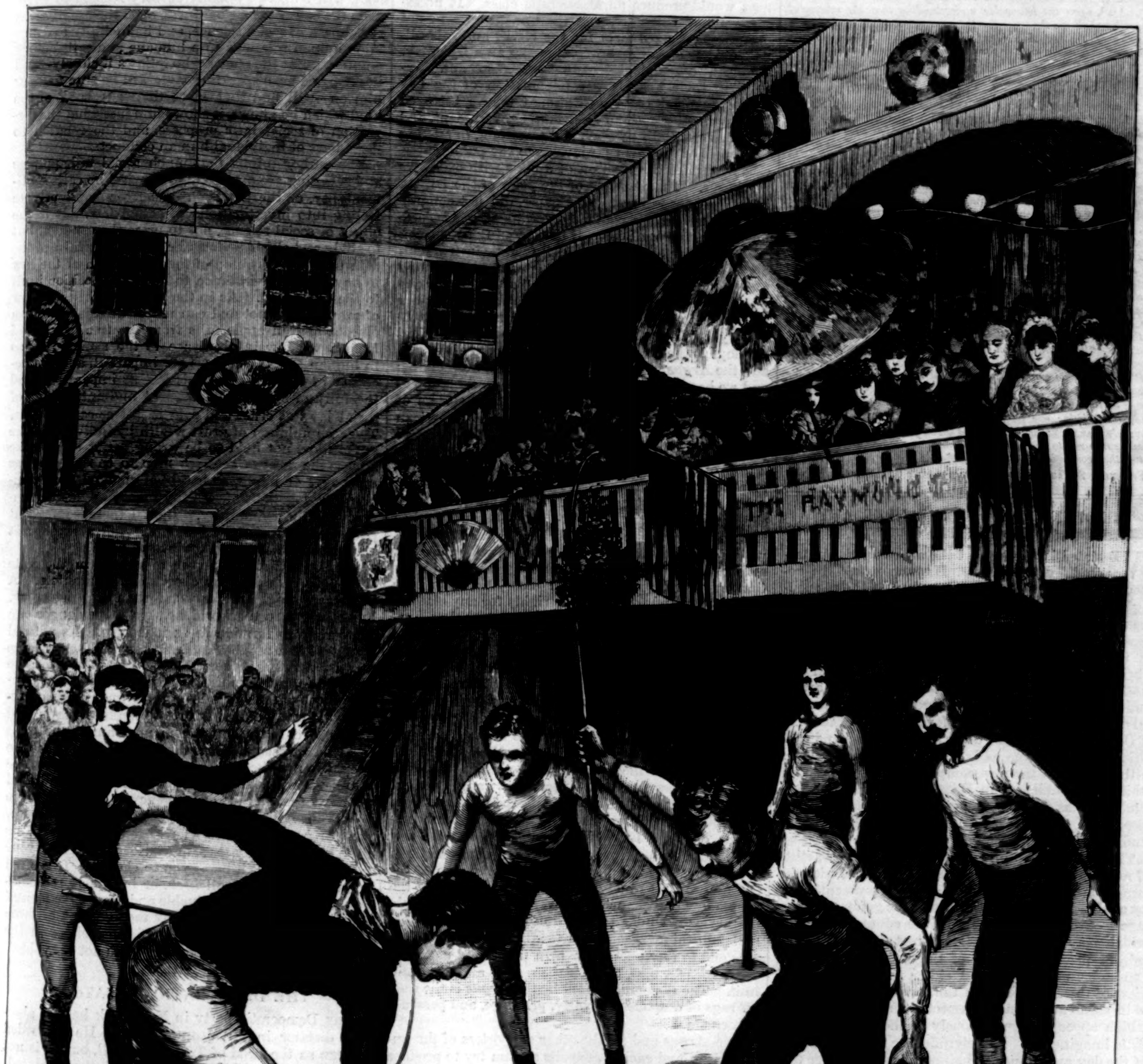


POLO ON ROLLER SKATES AT NEWPORT.—DRAWN BY C. W. WELDON.—[SEE PAGE 574.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1883.

RE-OPENING OF THE ART COMPETITION.

The judges appointed to award the prizes in the Art Competition for the illustration of ALFRED DOMETT'S "Christmas Hymn" *have reported* [*see* HARPER'S WEEKLY *dated September* 1] *that they "are not justified by the conditions of the competition in awarding any prize whatsoever." Three hundred and thirty-eight drawings entered into the competition, and twenty-three were received after the 1st of August—too late to be considered.*

Pursuant to the intimation given in their original "offer to young American artists," the MESSRS. HARPER *have determined to re-open the competition, enlarging its scope and modifying the limitation as to age, in accordance with suggestions made by the judges.*

For the best original illustration appropriate to Christmas—the drawing to be suitable for publication in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, *to be made especially for this competition, and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-seven years of age*—MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *offer an award of* THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, *upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.*

The drawings must be received by MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS, *at Franklin Square, New York, not later than March* 1, 1884, *addressed* "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine"; *and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope securely attached to the drawing, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.*

MR. R. SWAIN GIFFORD, N.A., MR. F. D. MILLET, A.N.A., *and* MR. CHARLES PARSONS, A.N.A., *Superintendent of the Art Department at* HARPER & BROTHERS', *will act as judges of the competition.*

The treatment of the subject is left to the artist, limited only by the special reference to Christmas. Either the Bible story of the Nativity, or the social features of Christmas, past or present, may be chosen for illustration. The judges, in making the award, will take into consideration not only the technical art value of each drawing, but also the appropriateness of the subject selected, the sufficiency of the illustration, and especially the originality of conception and treatment. The combination of different designs in a single picture should be avoided.

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for HARPER'S MAGAZINE *for December,* 1884; *and should others submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page* HARPER'S WEEKLY, $500; *one page* HARPER'S BAZAR, $500; *one page* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $500; *these awards not to be subject to the above-mentioned understanding as to "the prosecution of art study," etc.*

FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK, September 8, 1883.

RE-OPENING OF THE HARPER ART COMPETITION.

WE stated last week that the art competition proposed by the Messrs. HARPER would be reopened, and the detailed announcement of the re-opening appears in this paper. There is one change in the plan which will commend itself at once to general approval. It is proposed that the prize shall be awarded to the best original illustration appropriate to Christmas, and suitable for publication in HARPER'S MAGAZINE. The treatment is to be left to the artist, limited only by this special reference, and the successful drawing will be engraved for HARPER'S MAGAZINE of December, 1884. The other general terms and conditions are the same as before, and the same judges will serve upon the new competition. Their report, which was published in HARPER'S WEEKLY of September 1, was a clear and conclusive statement of the reasons of their decision, and it may be profitably studied by all who propose to compete.

The new competition is open to all American artists of not more than *twenty-seven* years of age, with the same honorable understanding of the prosecution of art study. It is an opportunity of the greatest advantage to every young artist in the country, and one which may well stimulate his best endeavor. The subject proposed is one of the richest suggestion. Christmas may be treated either from the point of view of the Bible story of the nativity, or from that of its social and domestic aspect. There is no subject which appeals more variously to the poetic and artistic imagination. The significance and associations of the day are at once so hallowed and so tender that its mere name is full of delightful suggestion. Its scope may be seen in literature from MILTON'S hymn to DOMETT'S poem, from the old carols and the Christmas songs of good cheer of which English collections are full, to the holiday tales of DICKENS and THACKERAY and the beautiful Christmas papers of IRVING. It should be understood, however, that, while the artist may avail himself of all the knowledge which may be derived from literature, he must not select a subject that would require, for its explanation, any accompanying letter-press, aside from its title or legend.

It is this broad and enticing field which the competition opens to every young American artist. The successful design will not only secure a prize which will provide the opportunity of study of the great works of art in their various countries, but it will also secure publication in the most exquisite and adequate form, and the immediate attention of a million of readers. To the young artist this is an inestimable advantage. It launches him under the best possible auspices upon a promising career, leaving the further successful prosecution of his voyage, where it must always finally rest, upon his own energy, industry, and ability. It will be observed that the terms of the new competition, which should be carefully read, contain a new condition. In addition to the payment of the first award for the design which shall be found most suitable, three other awards of $500 each will be made, according to fitness and excellence, and such successful designs will be published in HARPER'S WEEKLY, HARPER'S BAZAR, and HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE respectively. These last awards, however, will not be subject to the condition of art study, etc. We shall await with high expectation the results of this offer.

A FEARFUL WILD-FOWL.

THE sage Bottom was of opinion that there was no more fearful wild-fowl than your lion, living, and the Albany *Argus* is quite sure that the repeal of the law which fixes a term of four years for subordinate offices would produce an aristocratic class. It necessarily holds, therefore, that the Constitution in not prescribing a fixed term for the clerks and subordinate officers of the government favors an aristocracy. It must also hold, logically, that JEFFERSON and MADISON, in their unsparing condemnation of the law which changed the constitutional tenure betrayed their sympathy with an aristocratic government, and that BENTON and LOWNDES and CALHOUN, in seeking the repeal of the law as injurious to the public interests, advocated the creation of a class with exclusive privileges. These fathers of the party of the *Argus*, it appears, according to that paper, did not comprehend the nature of a popular government, and according to the same authority, if its reasoning be correct, not only is the Constitution an aristocratic instrument, but the *Argus*'s own business is conducted upon aristocratic principles. We presume that the *Argus* employs reporters, compositors, pressmen, and other assistants so long as the relation is mutually satisfactory. While the honest and sober and efficient employé in the *Argus* office is satisfied with his wages, and the *Argus* is satisfied with his work, he remains; and we have no doubt that the *Argus* would laugh as heartily at the solemn assertion that its system of employment was an aristocracy fatal to American institutions as all intelligent men laugh at its grave proposition that the same system applied to the transaction of the public business would produce an aristocratic class.

What is an aristocracy? It is a privileged class, a class which enjoys exclusive advantages. It has certain prerogatives which belong to it as a class, which are transmitted by descent, and which are not attainable by others. Does the *Argus* mean to say that any civil service reform association has ever made a demand for exclusive rights for any class of citizens; or does it mean to plead guilty to the amusing absurdity of saying that a body of workmen who hold their places by satisfactory service for ten years or more, but who may be summarily dismissed at any moment, constitute an aristocracy? The reform movement demands that the minor administrative places in the government service shall be open upon perfectly equal terms to the whole body of citizens, and shall be filled by those who show themselves to be the best fitted for them, and that the persons employed shall be dismissed when their service is unsatisfactory. The system which the *Argus* defends shuts out from those places all citizens, however deserving and competent, except a little circle of dependents of a few politicians, who can retain the most unfit and idle of those dependents in place. Under the system of the *Argus*, probably ninety or ninety-five per cent. of the people have no chance whatever of entering the public service. Under the reformed system, the whole non-political service is open to all who choose to compete and to rely upon their own merit, and not upon the favor of a boss, to enter the service and to remain in it. The system defended by the *Argus* is the cast-off rags of despotism, royalty, privilege, and personal favoritism.

The *Argus* and all the other supporters of the un-American and exclusive spoils system try to produce the impression that the reform proposes by the repeal of the four years' law to give to the government employé a vested right in his place, and to provide that when he is once in he can not be turned out except for a crime, and by an indictment, trial, and conviction. The fact is that the reformed system proposes that a man who has proved his fitness for the place that he seeks shall hold it until he is dismissed, precisely as he does in every other employment. And it provides that the superior officer shall not be tempted to remove him in order to put a favorite in his place. Under the system of the *Argus* the most useless, lazy, and dishonest employé may be retained if the "boss" politician who "backs" him chooses to retain him, and the most diligent, faithful, and admirable employé may be peremptorily turned out if a politician wishes his place for one of his own men. A supporter of this sort of privilege as against the equal rights of all the people should understand the meaning of the phrases that he uses. The public business of this country is not the property of a few political bosses. It is the concern of the whole people, and their interest in it is that it shall be transacted honestly, intelligently, and economically. It is because the people see that the system advocated by the *Argus* is neither honest, intelligent, nor economical—by which we do not mean, of course, that the office-holders are dishonest—that they have determined to change it.

THE MUTUAL DUTY OF SOCIAL CLASSES.

THE series of papers contributed to HARPER'S WEEKLY a few months since by Professor W. G. SUMNER has now been collected and published by the HARPERS in a neat little volume. It contains barely 170 pages, and it merits very careful attention. Professor SUMNER is a bold, aggressive, positive writer, profoundly assured of the justice of his own views, not in the least tender of those of others, and, above all, contemptuous of "sentimental" views, not of human relations, but of the laws of society. This little book will be held by many cursory readers to illustrate the coldness and hardness, even the cruelty and selfishness, of social science, and its inability to determine human relations in a humane and satisfactory manner. But the reader who follows it closely—and its crisp and even sparkling style will be sure to draw him on—will find that, more than any book of the kind which he knows, it shows him just what the discussion of social laws proposes, and the relation to those laws of individual human conduct.

The author thinks that much social unhappiness and suffering are directly due to what he calls sentimentality, or the intrusion of personal and private feeling into investigations of actual law. It is the object of social science, not to prescribe conduct, but to study and elucidate laws, and having furnished the data for a wise decision of the application of the law in any particular instance, to leave the decision itself to the individual. As in the natural world, the law of gravity does not and can not distinguish between objects, and an apple falls from the tree or a child from a window in obedience to the same force, so in human society the laws are impartial, and the necessity of observing them is just as imperative, and the folly of blaming the student and interpreter of social laws as cruel and cold is just as conspicuous. The accumulation of great wealth by individuals the author does not hold to be wrong. But because he alleges the right of the rich man to be rich, he does not assert or imply, as has been charged, that combined aggregations of wealthy men may not be dangerous to the community. Indeed, there is no recent plainer statement of the dangerous tendencies of great wealth than that of Professor SUMNER.

He holds that the power of wealth in the state should be restrained by checks and guarantees. A plutocracy might be far worse than an aristocracy, and nowhere in the world, he says, is the danger of a plutocracy so formidable as it is here. Its natural opponent is a republican democracy, and experience already shows that the serious contest is between the plutocratic and democratic forces. Wealth by cunning combinations can destroy the guarantees of liberty. It can buy legislatures to make the laws, and bribe courts to interpret them, and muzzle the press to silence exposure. But this is only to say that the people do not choose honest and fit legislators. The remedy is with the people, and it is a sure and final remedy, except in one contingency, which is, that the people themselves are corrupted, and then, of course, popular government, in its real sense, expires. This little book not only says, most decisively, Clear your mind of cant, but it helps you to clear it. It is often what the Germans call *keck*, or brusquely self-sufficient; but it is a very valuable and suggestive mental appetizer, and it is well worthy the attention of those who wish to be guided to definite principles in the treatment of great questions which can not be avoided.

THE DEMOCRATIC DICTATOR.

THE Democratic party in New York has an absolute dictator in Mr. JOHN KELLY. He succeeded TWEED as the head of Tammany Hall, but he is not TWEED, and is not as black as he is sometimes painted. He is an excellent representative of the politics that spring from patronage, and of the kind of leader which is known as a boss. He is master of his party in New York simply because he unites to the methods and morals of politics upon which the various Democratic politicians agree a courage which none of them possess. Mr. TILDEN, who is his only rival, has a more elaborate system of cultivating personal relations and maintaining a wider organization of information and details, but Mr. TILDEN never dared to bolt and to give victory to the opposition by dividing his own party. It is by the courage that split his party in 1879 that Mr. KELLY governs his party to-day. The insurrection of the County Democracy he treats with perfect and just contempt. The Democratic State Convention of last year admitted him and his men, and the "harmony" of last autumn in the city was merely an acknowledgment of his ascendency.

There is the same cry for harmony now, and the regret which is expressed in Democratic papers that

harmony was disregarded by the State Committee at Saratoga means only the fear that Mr. KELLY may decide to bolt again and prevent all chance of party success. Democratic harmony means merely unconditional surrender to JOHN KELLY. The late action of the State Committee was puerile, because it was sheer bravado. Probably not a single member of the Committee, as a delegate to the Convention, would vote against the admission of Tammany, although his vote in the Committee branded Tammany as irregular if it did not unite with the County Democracy, which every Democrat knew that it would not do. Mr. KELLY knows, and every Democrat and Republican in New York and in the country knows, that the Convention would not dare to exclude Tammany. The Buffalo *Courier* says that the vote of New York is indispensable to Democratic success in 1884. Mr. KELLY casts 40,000 votes. Without them the Democratic party is beaten. To shut Tammany out of the State Convention is to lose those votes. The Convention would not dare to do it, and Tammany will be admitted.

Mr. KELLY is the one courageous man in his party. If it does not do what he thinks that it ought to do, he defeats it. What other Democratic leader does the same? What Democratic club or hall, except Tammany, dares to bolt and scratch and kick? What Democratic association, except Tammany, ever resolves in regard to its party, as the Third Ward Republican Association in Brooklyn resolved the other evening, "to drive from office every unworthy incumbent, be he Republican or not"? Of course "unworthy," in the mind of Tammany—if such a phrase may be permitted—means only not useful to Tammany. But the action is the same. It is the feeble bravado of independence and reform upon the part of "respectable Democrats," followed by the most servile acceptance of the things against which they organize and protest, which leaves them in so pitiful a plight by the side of Tammany. "The woods are full" of Republican scratchers and kickers and bolters, but the only Democratic kicker is Tammany. Yet Tammany controls its party, and the Democrat who openly defeated his party four years ago is its absolute dictator to-day. It is a striking illustration of the political value of mere courage and independence, even for the most selfish purposes. Thus it appears that the way proposed to the country to get rid of Republican rascality is to intrust the government to a party which can be successful only by reporting at that head-quarters of purity and reform, Tammany Hall.

IMPRISON PRIZE-FIGHTERS.

THE prompt and energetic action of Governor CRITTENDEN, of Missouri, and Governor GLICK, of Kansas, and their Attorney-Generals, in letting SLADE and MITCHELL know that even training for a prize-fight would send each to State-prison, has so alarmed these fellows that they have concluded to quit the country entirely, and go to Mexico. We are pleased to see such wholesome measures and so desirable a result following quickly on the position taken in our columns a fortnight since. There are far too many swindlers, thieves, and other criminals of Western Europe here already, without inviting the most brutal and ruffianly class of them all, and rewarding them with columns of free advertising and thousands of dollars of gate-money, and enabling them to open fashionable rum-shops, and lure our youth to associate and drink with them. If the Associated Press would notify its correspondents that any reference to these degrading exhibitions, or to those who take part in them, would be followed by their dismissal from the service, the columns now devoted to bloody dog-fights, and bloodier man-fights, in newspapers claiming to be respectable, could be used for encouraging many a reputable work, often of large public benefit, about which they are now silent.

There are dissolute classes in every city, ready at the briefest notice to welcome such shows, to rob and pillage, to hang negroes to lamp posts, and do what they can to replace order with anarchy, the moment the strong arm of the law is drawn back. For such as these we have to keep, in this city alone, nearly three thousand police constantly on the watch, at an expense annually of millions. But the favorite pastimes of these criminal classes, and the descriptions of them, are most dangerous things to set before our youth, and all respectable men should do their part to keep them out of sight, and to discountenance any paper which talks about them, and panders in any way to the classes which enjoy them. An editorial paragraph deprecating such work is lost on the reader the moment he sees five times as much space in another part of the same paper devoted to a minute description of the affair itself. If the editors of the daily press, and the Governors of all the States, will do their duty as vigorously as did the two gentlemen named, the MACES and SHERIFFS, the WILSONS and MITCHELLS, will soon learn to keep away from the United States, and to spend their days in Mexico, England, and other congenial lands, where creatures of their stamp appear to thrive.

LOW TIDE.

AMONG the graver offenses which are alleged against the Republican party is "junketing." The word describing the crime is not felicitously chosen, for WEBSTER defines junketing as feasting in secret, and it can not be truthfully alleged that the President is fishing in secret, or that Secretary CHANDLER takes trips in the *Tallapoosa* by stealth. The fact, however, remains that the President has gone a-fishing, and that Secretary CHANDLER has gone a-sailing in a revenue-cutter. Moreover, the other Secretaries are somewhere, and the government is apparently "running itself."

It is not alleged that anything is going wrong, or that the presence of the President and the cabinet in Washington during the vacation would make the slightest difference in routine work, nor can it be said that the Secretary of State in Newport, or the Secretary of the Navy at a New Hampshire navy-yard or upon a cruise, are so far from Washington that a catastrophe might occur before they could reach the capital. All that can be truthfully said upon the subject is that it is the dull—and droll—political season; the season, in fact, of political drivel and "emptins."

Some inquirer in Connecticut asks the *Herald* to tell the real truth about Mr. TILDEN'S force and vigor. The *Herald* replies that certainly it will do so with pleasure. Mr. TILDEN is a good man, and weighs about a hundred and fifty pounds. That is the way in which the *Herald* treats a great and good statesman. Then a Republican journal states that it is whispered about that the Democratic Governor of New York has gone junketing to the North Woods, and that junketing is obviously not exclusively a Republican crime, and that it is not positively necessary to turn out the Republicans in order to suppress junketing. Meanwhile, Mr. TILDEN treats with mysterious and suspicious silence the question whether he killed HANCOCK, and from time to time an anonymous writer details the private colloquies of General GARFIELD and DORSEY to show the utter baseness and rascality of—GARFIELD. The ship of state is in the very doldrums of political inanity. Happy the people which has no annals!

AN UNCROWNED KING.

IT was a harmless gentleman and a pathetically droll figure in the history of the time who lately died at Frohsdorf. He was perhaps the only King who ever passed a long life, with all the pleasure and adulation, and without one of the cares and responsibilities, of royalty. He was as reverently honored by the legitimists of France as if he had sat upon the throne, and their homage was even more sublimated by the fact of his deprivation of the actual crown. Those who saw and knew the French pilgrims returning from a visit to his Majesty describe them as full of a kind of tender exaltation, as if they had been caught up in beatific vision.

This is very droll when one thinks of the placid fat gentleman, who enjoyed his dinner, and passed his time in hunting and religious observances and receiving the flattery of those who regarded him as a kind of sacred being. He has been always highly commended for his fidelity to his belief that God really designed him to be the supreme ruler of Frenchmen, and also for his steady refusal to assert his right by force of arms. He has been certainly the most gentle and undemonstrative of royal exiles and pretenders. But it is not improbable that he preferred the pomp and form of royality to its actual substance. He was evidently not a man of energy, and of what the French call initiative; and a life of the perilous excitement and agitation which that of a French king must be could have had little charm for the mild and eupeptic HENRY.

When his opportunity came, and without intrigue or effort of his own, he put it aside, and declined to mount the throne, upon a plea of objection to the national flag—a flag which at the moment was doubly dear to French pride, because it had just been covered with defeat and misfortune. Such an act at such a time showed as much disinclination to wear the crown as inability to grasp the situation. It certainly showed his entire unfitness for the position which he piously held to have been divinely allotted to him. His death leaves as the representative of the old royal house of France an intelligent and accomplished gentleman in full sympathy with his time, and whose position may serve his country by constantly reminding it that there is a living and able head of an anti-republican tendency, if at any time the republic by extravagance or by reaction should dissatisfy France.

PERSONAL.

THE *Athenæum* prints an interesting budget of letters written by Lady BYRON, Mrs. LEIGH, and Lord BYRON. It thinks the time has come when the scandalous legends that have sullied the fair fame of the poet, his wife, and his sister should be finally dissipated; and it believes that no one can rise from the perusal of these letters without feeling that the stories long current are baseless.

—Both the public and Mr. WILLIAM BLACK are to be congratulated upon the announcement that Mr. BLACK'S next novel, which will be begun in HARPER'S MAGAZINE for February, will be illustrated by Mr. EDWIN A. ABBEY. The title of the work is *Judith Shakspeare, her Love Affairs and other Adventures*, and the scenes are laid in and near Stratford-upon-Avon, a region with which Mr. ABBEY'S travels and studies have made him familiar, but his main qualifications are his alert imagination and delicate sympathy.

—Mr. E. G. HOLTMAN, a foreigner in Japan, got to like both rice and pickles, not even excepting the infamous *daiko*, "a half-putrid, half-salted preparation of large horse-radish, and the finest thing in the world to make rice go down; for if you take a piece and chew it well till the taste is all over your mouth, you would, I believe, eat anything else in the world afterward to get rid of the taste again."

—M. RENAN professes to think very lightly of literary glory. "I tried to care for literature for a while, only to gratify M. SAINTE-BEUVE, who had a great deal of influence over me. Since his death I care no longer. I see very well that talent has a value only because the world is childish. If the world had a strong enough head, it would content itself with truth. Literary skill has injured me more as a *savant* than it has helped me for itself. I have never in the least rested on it. I have always been the least literary of men." Yet it is entirely to his extraordinary literary skill that M. RENAN is indebted for the vastness of the audience that he addresses.

—Mr. ERNEST W. LONGFELLOW describes COUTURE as a short, thick man, with a great shock of iron-gray hair protruding from under his old straw hat; eyes small, but very bright, set in a rather heavy and puffy face of a pale and sallow hue; nose large, with open and very sensitive nostrils; clean-shaved, save for a heavy, drooping gray mustache, which concealed a large, sensuous mouth; finally a receding chin, almost lost in a thick neck, suggestive of apoplexy. "Not a handsome man, certainly," continues Mr. LONGFELLOW; "at the same time, despite his small stature, he gave you a sense of power that was unmistakable. There was a flash in his eyes that revealed the sacred fire, and you felt that he was no common man, as his outward aspect might lead you at first to imagine. He was ungraceful, but with a certain old-fashioned courtesy, especially with ladies, that made up for the want of polish." It may be added that Mr. LONGFELLOW'S picture of his father's house at Cambridge, Massachusetts, has been accepted by the Prince of Wales.

—Mr. CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER writes that during his stay in Tangier he was often attended in his strolls by a charming boy in a ragged gown, handsome, and with the breeding of a prince, who, having picked up a little French and a little English, aspired to earn a few coppers by being a guide. "You know Mark Twail?" he asked, by way of scraping acquaintance on his first appearance. "Yes, I know Mark Twain very well. Do you?" "Ya-as; he friend to me. I guide to him. He vely good man, Mark Twail." "Why, you young rascal, you weren't born when he was in Tangier sixteen years ago." "Oh, ya-as, born enough. Me know him. He vely good man. Plenty backsheesh."

—The awards to American artists at the Munich International Exhibition are as follows: Mr. DAVID NEAL becomes *Hors Concours*, and Messrs. E. A. ABBEY, T. E. ROSENTHAL, WILLIAM M. CHASE, and F. JUENGLING receive medals of the second class.

—President ARTHUR reached his zenith as a fisherman when, at one cast in a tributary of the Yellowstone, he landed three trout weighing together four and a quarter pounds, and at each of six other casts he landed two specimens almost as fine.

—The Arab of the desert is pronounced by a recent traveller to be a continual fraud and sham, with his haughty, frowning air, his gravity and laziness, his courage and courtesy, these qualities being only a mask to hide a soul which is often mean, grasping, cowardly, and treacherous, and which only his brother Arab knows how to estimate at its true value.

—The feeling of the average American frontiersman toward his neighbor the Indian is expressed by a far Western newspaper as follows: "By a 'good Indian' we mean a dead Indian."

—Young Mr. ARTHUR, the President's son, is described by a Block Island correspondent as a meek-mannered prince, with long slim legs, a stoop in his shoulders, a brier-wood pipe in his mouth, a heavy lower jaw, and a resemblance to his grandfather, who preached in New England thirty years ago.

—"Miss WOOLSON," says the *Academy*, "is American—very American—but in the best sense. *For the Major* is a book few Europeans, if any, could have written, concentrating as it does such nervous power and earnest sentiment upon purely domestic incident. The old Major, dimly conscious of his failing mind, the sickly little boy, his pretended pupil, but really his playmate, and the faithful women who jealously hide from the world, and even from himself, the secret of his imbecility, form a truly pathetic and truly beautiful group, very difficult to draw, but very well drawn indeed."

—It is reported that Mr. W. H. VANDERBILT has offered Miss THURSBY $10,000 a year to sing in the choir of St. Bartholomew's church on Sundays. Miss THURSBY will sing in concert also the coming season. The average salary of a singer in a quartet choir of a New York church is six hundred dollars a year.

—The Rev. H. J. LYNCH, a Catholic clergyman of Lakeville, Connecticut, has incurred the ill-will of some residents of that charming village by erecting a large crucifix, twelve feet high, in front of his church, and in full view of the street. The objectors have prepared an address in which they ask him to use his influence in procuring the removal of the image, because "such a display is not in harmony with American ideas and customs, is shocking to the sensibilities of many, and entirely at variance with the sentiments and wishes of a great portion of the people of this community."

—VICTOR HUGO has sent two hundred dollars for the relief of the sufferers by the catastrophe at Ischia—"A catastrophe," he writes, "which is more than an Italian catastrophe; it is more than a human catastrophe: it is a universal catastrophe. I feel touched. I send my mite." But the sorrows of the poor in any city of the world on any day of the year are really more pitiable. Only they are less picturesque.

—Miss ELLEN TERRY, the leading lady of Mr. HENRY IRVING'S company, will receive a salary of $1500 a week while playing in this country. Though she is an actress of the first water, the sum is considered very large. Yet Mrs. LANGTRY, who is not an actress at all, earned more than twice as much.

—Lord CAIRNS, whose son, Lord GARMOYLE, is to marry Miss FORTESCUE, the actress, has bought up all the photographs of that lady that were exposed for sale in the shops, and has asked her not to sit again for her portrait. It is not said whether the negatives of those photographs have been purchased too.

—The Rev. PHILLIPS BROOKS has been visiting a monastery in the Pyrenees, and Monsignor CAPEL has been lecturing in Brooklyn on "Life in a Cloister."

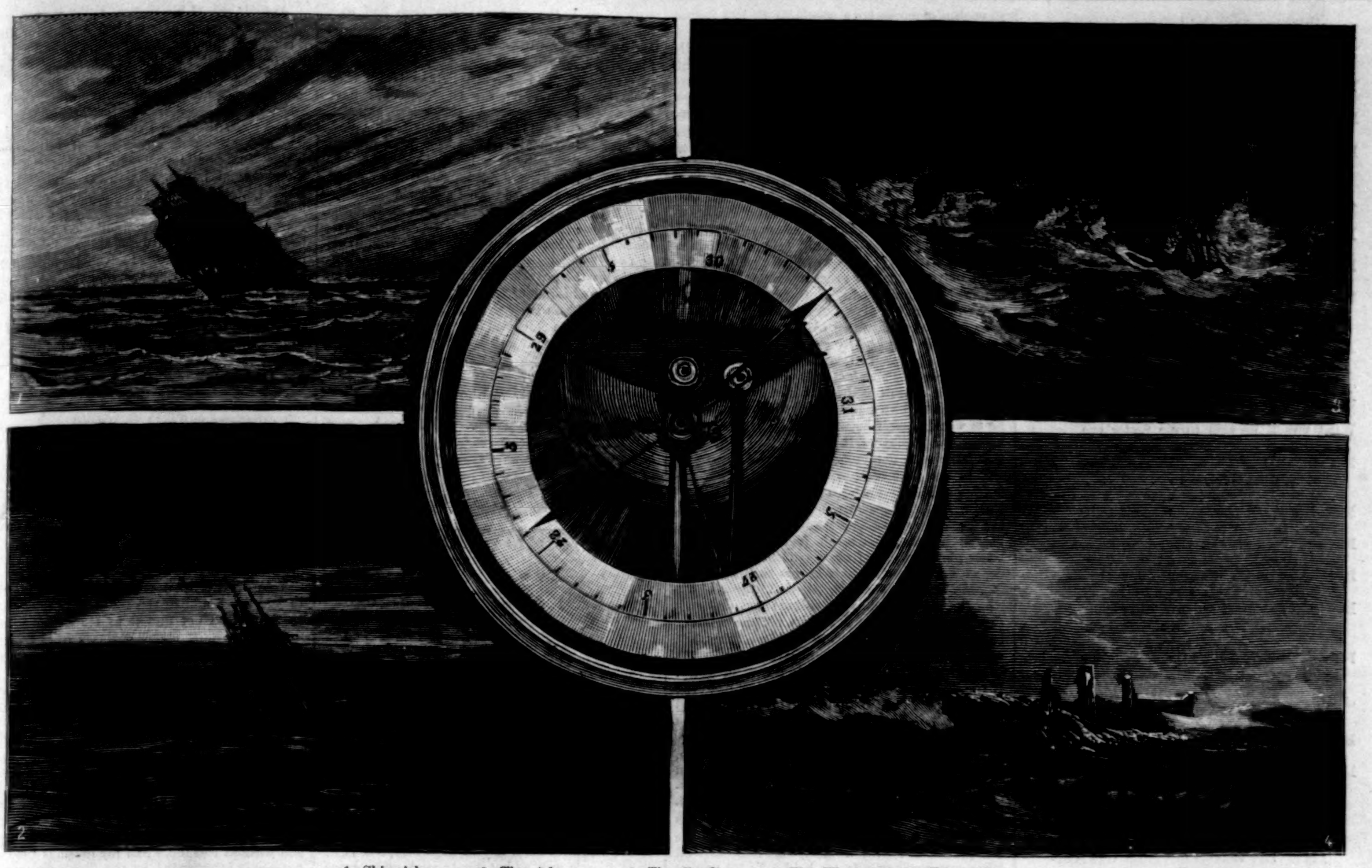
—A visitor at the White Sulphur Springs, Virginia, finds that at the hotel it is unnecessary to lock things up. "Even cigars lying on the table are not coveted by the porter. The doors are all open by day and by night, and nothing is touched. The porter coolly walks into your room in the morning, takes away your boots, blacks them, and brings them back. It gives a New-Yorker a curious sensation—this leaving everything open. The same trust in human nature pervades every part of the place. Down in the bath-houses, if you can not make change, it is no matter—pay it to-morrow. At the cigar stand, if you have not the requisite quarter, it will do as well next time you call."

—Mr. CYRUS W. FIELD has invested fifteen thousand dollars in an Artesian well just dug in the cellar of his new building at No. 1 Broadway. It is expected to discharge fifty gallons of pure cold water a minute the year round, from a depth of twelve hundred feet. Though situated only about five hundred feet from the Bay of New York, this well has not a drop of salt water.

—M. ÉMILE OLLIVIER condemns the French school-books as irreligious and partisan, and has written a pamphlet on the need of religion in social life. "So long," he says, "as the world moves amid the awful silence of mystery, and our life is given over to evil, so long as death hovers over the objects of our love, and children are carried by it from their parents, stoicism can only serve for a few unbending hearts, and there will be temples and dogmas, prayers and priests."

—Mr. HENRY JAMES, on a recent visit to Chambord, in France, where the late "Henry V." hailed from, found it a strange mixture of society and solitude. Its park, now disfeatured, is twenty-one miles in circumference. The towers, the turrets, the cupolas, the gables, the lanterns, the chimneys of the palace, look more like the spires of a city than the salient points of a single building. A little village clusters within view of the stately windows, and a couple of inns near by offer entertainment to pilgrims. The palace itself is a wilderness of empty chambers—a royal and romantic barrack. Its exiled owner had not the means to keep up four hundred rooms; he contented himself with preserving the huge outside. The repairs of the prodigious roof alone must have absorbed a large part of his revenue. The great feature of the interior is the celebrated double staircase rising straight through the building, with two courses of steps, so that people may ascend and descend without meeting. Impressive as it is, the Château de Chambord seemed to have a little stupidity. Its chief contents are BOURBON portraits, hideous tapestries from the ladies of France, and a collection of military toys used by the late Count in his infancy.

THE CANOE CONVENTION.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 571.]



1. Skirmishers. 2. The Advance. 3. The Conflict. 4. The Victory. 5. Barometer.

AUTUMN AND WINTER CYCLONES.—Drawn by Gaston Fay.—[See Page 574.]

THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE.

The island of Java, the scene of the recent terrible earthquakes, lies south of the island of Sumatra, separated from it by the Straits of Sunda, and extends to the eastward 640 miles, with a width varying from 36 to 126 miles. Two mountain chains extend the whole length, broken by rich valleys, which yield sugar and the highly prized Java coffee. Numerous volcanoes show themselves along the mountain chains, but are not often in eruption, though earthquake shocks are of common occurrence.

The city of Batavia, on the north side of the western end, is the seat of government for all the Dutch possessions in the East, and has a population of 120,000 inhabitants, European and Javanese. It is beautifully laid out, with wide carriage drives on each side of canals shaded by luxuriant tropical foliage.

Anjer, recently swept out of existence, is also on the western end of the island. It was a town of about 800 or 1000 inhabitants, who derived support principally by supplying vessels in the China trade with fresh provisions, water, etc. They stopped there for that purpose and for orders, as it is in communication by telegraph with Europe and China. Situated on a low point of land only a few feet above the sea, it fell an easy prey to the tidal wave.

The unpaved streets of the town were wide, and the low thatch-roofed houses were embowered in graceful foliage, effectually protecting them from the rays of the mid-day sun. On the extreme point, a short distance from the sea, was the old landmark so well known to all East Indiamen, the great banyan-tree, which towered above all surrounding objects, rendering it conspicuous many miles at sea. It was the largest tree of any kind known in the East, and although not attaining the height of some of those found in the Yosemite Valley, it had a much greater bulk. It was 170 feet in height; the trunk, or rather the assemblage of trunks, was 23 feet in diameter, while the dense foliage spread in a circle of 192 feet in diameter. The ladder shown in the picture was used to reach a house built on the closely knitted branches sixty feet from the ground, yet completely hidden from view.

The captain of a steamer which was in the Straits of Sunda during the eruptions reports that ashes fell on the deck of his vessel to the depth of eighteen inches, and that he passed masses of floating pumice-stone several feet in depth. It is estimated that 10,000 persons lost their lives at Tjiringin, and that the total number of persons killed by the eruption and tidal waves was 30,000.

On the lowlands of Batavia, where the waters have receded and quieted down, hundreds of bruised and mangled bodies are lying exposed. A sanitary corps has been formed, and the corpses are being removed and buried as fast as possible, in order to prevent the breeding and spread of contagion. The Straits have become dangerous to navigation on account of the formation of new islands.

"THE STRANGER PUSHED BACK HIS CHAIR, SCRUTINIZED ME DELIBERATELY, AND LAUGHED TOO."—[See Serial "Thirlby Hall," Page 566.]

THE MILKING HOUR.

You good old Boss, stand quietly now,
And don't be turning your head this way.
You're looking for Donald, it's plain to see,
But he won't be here to-day.
Nobody came with me, dear old Boss,
Not even to carry my pail; for, you see,
Donald's gone whistling down the lane,
And Donald is vexed with me.

And all because of a trifling thing:
He asked me a question, and I said "Nay."
I never dreamed that he would not guess
It was only a woman's way.
I wonder if Donald has ever learned
The motto of "Try and try again."
I think, if he had, it might have been
He had not learned in vain.

And there needn't have stretched between us two,
On this fair evening, the meadow wide,
And *I* needn't have milked alone to-night,
With nobody at my side.
What was it he said to me yester eve,
Something about—about my eyes?
It's strange how clever that Donald can be;
That is, whenever he tries.

Now, Bossy, old cow, you mustn't tell
That I've cried a little while milking you;
For, don't you see? it is nothing to me
What Donald may choose to do.
If *he* chose to go whistling down the lane,
I chose to sing gayly coming here.
But it's lonely without him, after all;
Now isn't it, Bossy dear?

I—hark! who's that? Oh, Donald, it's you!
Did you speak?—excuse me—what did you say?
"May you carry my pail?" Well, yes; at least,
I suppose, if you try, you may.
But, Donald, if I had answered No,
Do you think it would have occurred to you
Not to be vexed at a woman's way,
But to try what coaxing would do?

M. D. Brine.

THE LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP.

For the third successive year, notwithstanding the objections of a considerable section of tennis-players, the annual lawn tennis championship has been held at Newport. The desire to change the *venue* to some ground in the near neighborhood of New York was a praiseworthy expression of local pride, but any one who has attended the Newport tournament, and who has had an opportunity of contrasting the conveniences offered by the Casino with those provided by any club in the New York district, would in candor be forced to acknowledge that the committee of the National Association was right in withstanding the desire for change. Apart from the conveniences of the Casino for players, it would be difficult to imagine a fairer scene than the lawns presented during the four days on which the tournament was held. Lawn tennis is a pastime enjoying a social prestige higher than that bestowed upon any other game or sport which may be indulged in without great expense; and this prestige should be maintained, if for no other reason than that it is almost the only out-door game of merit in which both ladies and gentlemen and children can take part. It can never, probably, be as popular (in the exact sense of the word) as base-ball, but it does not need to be so. The two games are entirely distinct; and while New York, Buffalo, Chicago, and other large centres of population are the natural centres of the game of base-ball, lawn tennis finds its most suitable head-quarters at the beautiful city of cottages on Narragansett Bay.

Although the tournament of 1883 was a thorough success, there were some elements of disappointment, chief of which was the comparatively small number of entries for the two events of the meeting. This may be in part explained by the absence from the country of some of the best players, and partly by a feeling that the winners of last year are still so far ahead of their rivals that real competition was out of the question; and it seems hardly possible that more than a fourth of those who took part in the games could have entered with any expectation or hope of winning championship honors. Still, though only one can win, the benefit to each individual contestant, and so to the game itself, can not be measured only by the chance that only one person has of winning the prize. The champions of years to come are among the younger of the defeated competitors, while those who are older in the game, and whose day is now passing, should be credited with a fine public spirit in encouraging the younger players by their presence.

But notwithstanding the small number of entries, the standard of play was so high as to promise well for the future of lawn tennis in this country. Mr. Farnum, of Philadelphia, is young, and gives every indication of becoming a more than usually good player, even among the best. Mr. Foxhall Keene is still younger, and is already a first-class player, with an ease and grace of style that promise well. Mr. Howard Taylor, although defeated in the tournament by Farnum, has already won the championship at Harvard University—an institution from which not only Mr. Sears, the champion, but also at least two of the next best players have come. These young men, not yet out of their teens, are the coming champions. On the other hand, some excellent players, among whom may be mentioned Messrs. Van Rensselaer, Conover, M. Post, M. Paton, A. Newbold, G. M. Smith, and H. Powel, play as well now as it is probable they will ever play. In such a game as lawn tennis youth is a factor of supreme importance.

For three successive years Mr. Richard D. Sears has held the lawn tennis championship of the United States. He is a young man, twenty-two years old, and graduated in the class of '83 at Harvard University. His record as a tennis-player has not been approached in this country, he having suffered defeat only once where a prize or an honor was to be bestowed. This was in the match for the Harvard championship of last year, which was won by Mr. J. S. Clark, one of the two brothers who lately faced the famous Renshaw brothers, the English champions, across a net, and were thoroughly and honorably beaten. It is not probable that Mr. Sears will figure as a tournament player after the present season, except to defend his championship, nor is he likely to improve much in his play, although this year's form shows a marked advance over that of last year. His game is particularly graceful and accurate, his judgment excellent, and his facility in recovering apparently hopeless returns wonderful. It is difficult, in view of the fact that he is actually the best American player, to say in what respect he is weak; but if he were matched against the best English players it would probably be seen that his play is not sufficiently aggressive to prevail in the best company. In this respect, indeed, he seems to be inferior to his closest competitor, Dr. Dwight. In the final match for the championship between these two gentlemen it was a noticeable fact that while the latter played mainly from about the service-line, depending almost entirely on his skill in volleying, Mr. Sears took up his position nearer to the base-line than to the service-line; and although the greater distance from the net gave him a better chance to make sure of his returns, the position of his opponent, about midway in the court, enabled the latter to play a severer game. If the two players were equal in other respects, the aggressive attitude of Dr. Dwight would probably be the means of reversing their respective positions as victor and vanquished.

Dr. Dwight is a physician practicing at Boston, and is about ten years older than Mr. Sears. In addition to being the second amateur tennis-player in America, he is the popular and hard-working president of the National Lawn Tennis Association, under whose rules and auspices the Newport tournament directly, and indirectly all other open tournaments, are held. To his energy the success of the recent meeting was mainly due, and it is not too much to say that to him the game of lawn tennis owes much of the success that has attended its adoption in this country. It was a matter of great regret that the work officially devolving upon him in connection with the Newport meeting naturally rendered him less fit than he would otherwise have been to maintain the great effort which his match with Mr. Sears required. Not, indeed, that the result would probably have been different, but the fight would have been closer. As it was, the first two sets went to Mr. Sears easily, his opponent winning but two games out of fourteen. In the third set, however, Dr. Dwight played brilliantly, the score of games standing at the close of the tenth game "five all." Then ensued the closest game that has ever been witnessed in an important match, for, being a final match, with the games at "five all," two games had to be won in succession by the same player before victory could be claimed. The eleventh game was scored by Mr. Sears, his opponent counting only one ace; but the next game was called for Dwight, bringing the score back to "deuce games." Again the latter player added a game; but Mr. Sears, playing brilliantly, won the next, and the score was called "deuce games" again. The fifteenth game of the set was also won by Mr. Sears, but so determined was the play of Dr. Dwight that it was only after a game that lasted several minutes, during which no less than twenty-four aces in all were scored, that the match was decided in favor of Sears, by three sets to none. In the last set nine games fell to the winner and seven to the loser; and in the last game of the last set Mr. Sears won thirteen aces and Dr. Dwight eleven, "deuce" having been called nine times. In the first set the winner scored twenty-eight aces against the loser's twenty-three; in the second, twenty-nine against thirteen; while in the third set the winner made fifty-five aces against fifty-three for the loser. A closer set than this could hardly be possible.

But though such stern antagonists for the single-handed championship, these two gentlemen play together as partners in the double-handed game, and at Newport they had little difficulty in sweeping everything before them for the second year in succession. Their only American rivals are the brothers Clark, who are now abroad. Had they been able to take part in the Newport tournament, this invincible pair of brothers would have made a hard fight with the actual winners, and would very likely have beaten them, seeing that they have already done so twice. As it turned out, the final match in the doubles was the hollowest of defeats, for the losing pair, Messrs. A. Van Rensselaer and A. Newbold, won only four games out of twenty-two. The circumstances under which they played, however, were such as to modify any adverse criticism that might be made on their display on that occasion, and their pluck is worthy of all commendation. A voyage of ten miles across Narragansett Bay in an open cat-boat, and with a rougher sea rolling than had been known on the coast since the March gales, was sufficient to have upset the mental as well as physical equilibrium of even the strongest men; but as the weather prevented the Narragansett Pier boat from running on the day set for the final match of the doubles, Messrs. Van Rensselaer and Newbold were obliged to make this hazardous and inconvenient trip or forfeit the match. No wonder, then, that in such a state of disquietude they were unable to push the winners. But even had they been in the best condition, the final result would hardly have been different, for the winning pair played a stronger game than they have ever before exhibited, and in fact it is doubtful if even their late conquerors, the Clarks, could have won against such play. In this match, at least, Dr. Dwight played more brilliantly than his partner and subsequent victor, and showed himself to be second to none as a double-handed player.

If the apprenticeship is long and the contest stern, the rewards are both handsome and costly. Mr. Sears, by winning the singles, acquired a handsome silver cup given by the National Association; a bronze plaque given under conditions by two Philadelphia gentlemen; a silver cup presented by the governors of the Newport Casino, to be played for as often as the National Tournament is held on their grounds; and the "Horsman Trophy," a full-sized lawn tennis racquet, ornamented with gold and jewels, and strung with harp strings. This handsome trophy was presented last year by Mr. E. I. Horsman, of New York, and is to be played for every year until it has been won three times, not necessarily in succession, by the same person. Mr. Sears has won it twice, and there seems to be a strong probability that a year hence he will be justified in proudly regarding it as his own personal property.

THIRLBY HALL.*

By W. E. Norris,

Author of "Matrimony," "Mdlle. De Mersac," "No New Thing," "Heaps of Money," etc.

CHAPTER XII.

GEORGE LOSES A PENNY.

When King Ferdinand II., by the grace of God and the will of nations more powerful than his own, ruled over the Two Sicilies, it used to be the custom of all well-to-do Neapolitans, as well as of the numerous strangers who dwelt within their gates, to drive up and down the Chiaja for a matter of three hours every afternoon. The Chiaja, as everybody knows, follows the curves of the most beautiful bay in the world, and is, or at all events was, as hot, dusty, and malodorous a strip of highway as ever poor slaves of fashion were condemned to frequent. The slaves of fashion, however, swallowed the dust and the bad smells without apparent inconvenience. Lady Constance Milner took her turn of the tread-mill conscientiously with the others. At regular intervals her carriage, with the swarthy Antonio on the box, passed beneath my post of observation; and I was not long in discovering that her last appearance invariably occurred between half past four and a quarter to five; at which hour I concluded that she was in the habit of going home.

At five o'clock one evening, therefore, I took my way to the Hôtel Crocelle, and was gratified to hear from the hall porter that Lady Constance had just returned from her drive. All the greater was my disappointment, on reaching the first floor, when Antonio, who was sitting on a chair in the passage, reading a newspaper, rose and blandly informed me that her ladyship did not receive. Now, as the sound of several voices was distinctly audible through the door over which he was mounting guard, it was pretty clear that Antonio had not been instructed to make this reply to all applicants; still, since I had given no notice of my coming, I could not very well complain of the door being shut in my face, and I left my card, remarking that I should hope to be more fortunate on some future occasion. Three days later I accordingly presented myself again at the same hour, and was again met with the same discouraging announcement—"Her ladyship does not receive." This time the buzz of conversation on the other side of the door being just as loud as before, I ventured to point out to Antonio that, whether her ladyship received or not, she was entertaining visitors at that moment; to which he replied, "Yes, sir," with an impassive countenance.

"Well," I said, impatiently, "will she receive me if I call to-morrow?"

"I can not tell you, sir."

"Can't you ask?"

"Impossible, sir."

I turned away, and took myself off in deep disgust; and it is quite possible that Lady Constance would never have had another opportunity of cultivating the writer's acquaintance if George had not displayed such bad taste in exulting loudly over what he was pleased to call my rebuff. As he chose to take up that line I said I would very soon show him that I was not so easily rebuffed. "I'll lay you ten to one in whatever you like that I am admitted into her drawing-room this very afternoon," I added.

George answered that he never betted, but that, for once in a way, he didn't mind taking a franc to a penny about it; and I set off, fully determined to attain my object. Antonio was ready for me with his usual formula; but I had a practical rejoinder to cut him short with. I held out a napoleon, which he promptly grabbed and transferred to his pocket. "And now," said I, "you will be so good as to take my card to Lady Constance and say I am waiting."

The man looked doubtful. "Her ladyship is rather particularly engaged this afternoon, sir," he said.

"I don't care two straws about that. It isn't that I am specially anxious to see her," I explained; "but I have a wager upon it; and in fact, if you don't deliver my message, I shall open the door and walk in unannounced."

Antonio raised his eyebrows slightly, but made no further objection. He was absent for about a couple of minutes, during which time I am free to confess that the tide of my audacity turned and began to ebb with alarming rapidity; but when he re-appeared it was only to hold the door open, and I entered, hoping for the best.

The room in which I found myself was a long one, and presented an aspect of rather more luxury than one is accustomed to associate with the *salons* of hotels. At the further end of it Lady Constance was standing, tall and erect, holding my card between her long, shapely fingers, and talking to a gray-headed man whose back was turned toward me, and who was warming his feet by the fire. I advanced, uncomfortably conscious of my person, and eager to explain what certainly wore the appearance of a rather unwarrantable intrusion.

"I'm afraid you must think it very cool of me to force my way in like this," I began; "but you were so good as to say that I might call—and this is the third time that I have been, you see—and—and I thought perhaps there was some mistake—"

Lady Constance paid no attention whatsoever to my breathless excuses. She stopped talking for a moment to hold out her hand to me, requested me to sit down, at the same time pointing to a somewhat remote chair, and then resumed her own seat and her conversation with the stranger. They spoke in a language which was wholly unknown to me, and were evidently as little affected by my presence as if I had been deaf and dumb.

This cavalier treatment at least gave me time to cool down and to recover my self-possession; so that I did not find it as embarrassing as I might have done under ordinary circumstances. I thought I would sit the other visitor out, and as soon as his inning was over, mine might begin. In the mean time I took stock of the apartment, which, with its stands of hot-house plants, its Oriental and Spanish rugs, its piles of books and newspapers, and its bronzes and other knick-knacks carelessly deposited here and there, seemed characteristic enough of its temporary mistress. It was the habitation of a nomad, but of a nomad with a well-lined purse; and I was wondering what Mowbray and others could have meant by representing Lady Constance as a person without fortune, when my musings were disagreeably interrupted by the discovery that the couple beside the fire were talking about me. Lady Constance looked me full in the face, said a few words, and laughed; and then the stranger—a man of something over middle age, with a weather-beaten, wrinkled face, and an unkempt beard and mustache—pushed back his chair, scrutinized me deliberately, and laughed too.

I was furious; but what could I do? To get up and walk away, without having spoken a word, would be too ridiculous, and I had not the courage to offer any observation. There was nothing for it but to sit still and wait for the end. I suppose I must have sat there for at least a quarter of an hour, smoothing my hat, and feeling quite wretched, before the stranger got up. Lady Constance accompanied him to the door, talking earnestly as she went, and then, returning to the fire-place, stood, with her elbow resting on the mantel-piece, looking down at the glowing logs.

When she broke silence, it was to say, pensively, as though there had been nothing in her previous conduct or mine which called for remark: "The worst of these people is that one can never by any possibility tell whether they are speaking the truth or not. It is so essential that they should be able to lie readily that lying becomes a second nature to them, and from never knowing for certain who are their friends and who are their enemies, they end by suspecting everybody. I sometimes doubt whether the system is altogether a good one."

She looked up at me half interrogatively as she ceased speaking; so I said that, upon the face of it, the system did *not* seem to be a very good one.

She laughed. "You can hardly judge of it yet, I suppose," she remarked. "Do you know who that man is who has just left the room?"

I said, "Not in the least."

"And if I told you his name you would probably be none the wiser. His name in Naples is Herr Müller, and he just manages to keep body and soul together by giving music lessons; but three years ago he was commanding an army in Hungary, and he might be a rich man now, I believe, if he had chosen to make terms with the Austrians, as others did. The word 'patriot' is out of favor nowadays; yet it would be a fine thing to be a patriot in the sense that that man is one. He has given up literally everything for his country—his time and his health and his money, and, as some people would say, his morality into the bargain. To die for your country is all very well; but there are hundreds and thousands of men who are ready to do that much. Herr Müller goes a great deal further. He has plotted for his country, he has lied for her, he would kill or steal for her as a matter of course. If he thought Hungary would be in any way benefited by my death he would assassinate me without a moment's hesitation."

"I should think a man of that kind would be a rather uncomfortable sort of friend," I remarked.

"He is not my friend. He is nobody's friend, except Hungary's. He only comes to see me because he thinks I can do something for Hungary."

"And can you?"

"No. But I like to hear him talk, and he gives me information; though, as I told you just now, I can't be sure whether it is trustworthy information or not. For the moment, things look about as hopeless as they can for him and others like him; but their cause will triumph in the long-run, I fancy. I don't know whether

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you believe that truth is great and will prevail?"

"I am quite certain of it," I said, decidedly.

"Yes; at your age one is quite certain about most things. Upon the whole, I agree with you; but then, as Pilate so naturally asked, 'What *is* truth?'"

"I don't altogether understand what you mean," I said; "but it doesn't appear to me that conspiracies and assassinations are likely to do much good to any cause."

"The secret societies are more formidable than you imagine, though. I have never belonged to one myself; but I have had opportunities of observing what they can do, and I know that they can at least frighten the authorities. No government can suppress them, and no bad government will be able to sleep comfortably while they exist. Therefore I am inclined to think that the conspirators will wear out the bad governments, in spite of the fact that most conspirators are fools, and some are ruffians."

"And do you help these fools and ruffians?" I asked.

"So people say."

I did not like to press the question further; though I was becoming more and more interested in this singular woman. I was, however, sufficiently at my ease by this time to recur to the subject of my unceremonious entry, and to offer a somewhat less incoherent apology for it. "I'm afraid I interrupted you," I said, in conclusion.

"Well," she answered, with a smile, "I think you must have seen for yourself that you did not do that. Even Herr Müller, who is suspicion incarnate, was convinced that there was no danger in talking Magyar before you. I am not at all offended: indeed, I rather admire your self-assertion. It is a great gift; only you should be careful of abusing it. Another time, if Antonio tells you that I do not receive, I must ask you to take him at his word; but most likely he will not tell you so again. If I remember rightly, you were to come here with a view to expatiating upon the perfections of some charming girl, with whom you are violently in love. Please be so kind as to put another log upon the fire, and then you can embark upon your narrative. I am all attention."

"Upon second thoughts," I said, after complying with her request, "I would rather leave that subject alone. It would not interest you."

"To be honest," she replied, "I don't think it would; one love affair is so very like another, unfortunately. Nevertheless, I am quite willing to be bored for a quarter of an hour. I can't give you a longer time than that, because I am going out to dinner. By-the-way, you might as well dine with me to-morrow, if you have no other engagement, and bring Mr. Fisticuffs with you."

"Fisticuffs, as you call him, is by way of not going into society," I answered; "but *I* shall be delighted to come, and I will deliver your kind invitation to him."

"Do; and tell him, at the same time, from me, that if he refuses to go with you into the gay world, he will be neglecting a very important part of his duties. He has been put in charge of a perishable piece of property, and unless he restores it to its owners in good condition he will be held responsible, as sure as we live in a world of injustice."

Whether this argument, which I duly reported to George, had any effect upon him, or whether, as he himself averred, he was anxious to see what a gang of conspirators and cut-throats looked like, I can not say; but he decided, rather to my surprise, to accompany me to the Hôtel Crocelle on the following evening, and went away confessing that Lady Constance did not appear to be so black as she was painted.

Lady Constance tickled my vanity as much as anybody's, though I was not quite prepared to admit that at the time. I stood upon a different footing with her from that of the mature Lotharios who adored her, the assorted specimens of humanity who ate her dinners, and the conspirators whom she half distrusted and who wholly distrusted her. I was her friend; to some extent even her confidant. I was with her at all hours, in public and in private; it was I who escorted her to the Opera, and called her carriage when she left a reception or a ball; it was to me that new arrivals who wished to be presented to her most commonly addressed themselves. All this was naturally flattering to the self-love of a young and inexperienced member of Society, and I could not but be aware that I was the subject of a good deal of remark, and of some envy. Indeed, she told me as much herself, with that frankness which was one of her chief attractions.

"Do you know," she asked me one day, "that all Naples sets you down as my devoted slave?"

"All Naples is not very far wrong," I replied, gallantly.

"Apparently not. Does it never strike you that you are treading upon rather dangerous ground?"

I answered that I hoped it was not rude to say I didn't see the danger. "I told you long ago why it was that I could not fall in love with you," I added.

"You are a very confident young man," she returned, laughing. "But, without falling in love with me, you may very easily fall in love with the life that I lead, and find a return to buttercups and daisies and curds and whey a little insipid after it. If that happens, don't blame me."

"I certainly shall not blame you in any case," I declared; "but it will not happen. For one thing, I shall probably never return to the buttercups and daisies for more than a month or two at a time, and, for another thing, I love the country a thousand times better than any town. This sort of thing is very exciting and very good fun, and I like talking to the people whom I meet at your hotel; but it is not for the sake of meeting them that I go there, all the same."

"Is it not? Then may I ask why you do go there every day? If you could give a perfectly truthful answer it might be interesting."

I considered for a moment, and then gave her what I believed to be a perfectly honest answer. "I suppose what you mean to ask is, Why do I consider it such a privilege to be constantly in your society? Well, of course you know that you are very clever, and that you have the gift of making everybody like you, and so on; you are told that scores of times every day. But it seems to me that you are something much more than clever and charming. It seems to me that you care a great deal more for everything that is worth caring for than other people do who make much louder professions. You are always trying to rise above the pettinesses of commonplace life; and indeed you do rise above them, although you live in the midst of them. You give to the poor and say nothing about it; your sympathies are all with the weak and the oppressed and the poor devils who are out of luck. You are just as kind to the ragged patriots who are not over and above civil to you in return as you are to ambassadors and courtiers. I haven't seen much of the world yet, it is true; but I'm certain that there can't be many people like you in it." I blushed as I concluded my profession of faith, which, to be sure, was a trifle more high-flown in tone than I had intended to make it at starting.

"Dear me!" said Lady Constance, "so that is the conception that you have formed of my character? Now see how far my love of truth carries me: I am going to shatter this pleasing vision at a blow. What should you say if I told you that the money which I so generously bestow upon the poor is only a small part of what I make out of the oppressed and ragged patriots?"

"You make money out of them!" I ejaculated, considerably staggered.

"Exactly so. Not out of their purses: there would be a material difficulty about that, apart from the immorality of the proceeding. But I have made, and hope to make again, handsome sums out of the information they give me. In point of fact, I gamble on the Bourse and the Stock Exchange. I sometimes hear of impending events a day or more before the rest of the world hears of them, and I profit by my knowledge. Does that shock you?"

Lady Constance was not greatly lowered in my esteem by the above disclosure. I knew nothing of Bourse transactions; but it appeared to me, upon reflection, that this form of gambling was no more reprehensible than getting a good tip about a horse and then backing him, which has never yet been held to be anything but a prudent course of action. Besides, her openness disarmed censure.

What I did not quite expect, and yet ought certainly to have expected, from my fascinating friend, was caprice. She had so accustomed me to look upon myself as a necessary participator in all her movements that I was not only astounded, but seriously affronted, when she announced to me, in a casual way, at a crowded reception, where I met her one evening, that she intended to leave for Palermo the next day.

"Surely this is a very sudden decision!" I exclaimed.

"I always make my decisions suddenly," she answered, and turned away to talk to somebody else.

I was more than half inclined to march off home, asking no further questions, and commending her inwardly to the devil; yet, after all our intimacy, I felt that it would be a melancholy thing if we were to part in that way; and so, later in the evening, I took another opportunity of approaching her. "Is this really to be good-by, then?" I asked, sorrowfully.

"Oh," said she, laughing, "we are sure to meet again. People are always turning up. I generally find it much more difficult to avoid my friends than to encounter them."

"I hope you don't want to avoid me," I said, tentatively; "because the fact is, I was rather thinking of moving on to Palermo myself."

For a moment she turned upon me a look of unmistakable impatience and displeasure; but it vanished at once. "Yes?" she returned, coldly. "I thought you were going to Rome." And without giving me time to make any reply she took the arm of one of her elderly admirers and left the room.

After this it may be thought that if I had possessed any sense of self-respect whatsoever I should have abandoned all idea of proceeding to Sicily; and such was, indeed, my own view of the matter until the following afternoon, when I went to the Hôtel Crocelle to inquire whether Lady Constance had really left, and was informed that she had started that morning, accompanied, among other friends, by a certain Mr. Sotheran, which news caused me to change my mind. For, at the risk of seeming to imply too much, I will confess at once that I was jealous of this Mr. Sotheran. He was a middle-aged man, reputed to be very rich, and known by all who frequented the entertainments at the Hôtel Crocelle to be profoundly enamored of their hostess.

Therefore (though the relation of cause to effect in my conduct is not, I admit, very clear), I determined to pursue Lady Constance's party—not immediately, but as soon as I could do so consistently with a due regard to appearances. I remained at Naples for three weeks, feeling more bored than I had ever done in my life before; but at the expiration of that period I felt myself entitled to make a move, and accordingly took passages for my Mentor and myself on board the Palermo steamer.

An angry man was George Warren when I broke the news of our impending departure to him. All his dormant suspicions of Lady Constance revived, and he worked himself up into something as nearly resembling a passion as his sober nature could compass.

I kept my temper, and George, poor fellow, recovered his after a time, and consented to cross the sea with me, perceiving, I suppose, that he could not really do otherwise. It was impossible to make him understand that my feelings for Lady Constance were simply those of friendship, and I pardoned his absurd assertion that she had made me the laughing-stock of Naples, merely remarking that there were more things within the range of human sentiments than were dreamed of in his narrow philosophy.

He had his revenge when we reached our destination. Lady Constance and her friends were indeed at Palermo, and occupied the first floor of the very hotel in which we were lodged; but, alas! when I went down-stairs on the day after our arrival to pay my respects, I was received by the imperturbable Antonio with his old inhospitable announcement: "Her ladyship does not receive."

I waited for no second repulse. I bolted up the stairs to our room on the third floor, two steps at a time, and indignantly told George what had occurred. "I've had enough of this," I said. "Either I have offended Lady Constance, or else, as you say, she is sick of me. Anyhow, I shall not trouble my head about her any more. Let's be off to Catania."

"What?—without seeing the Cathedral of Monreale or the Palatine Chapel!" exclaimed George. "I am delighted to hear that you have come to your senses, Charley; but, all the same, I wouldn't rush into extremes, if I were you. We may never be in Sicily again, you know."

"Very well," I answered; "go and see your sights, and may they make you happy! I want to get out of this. Come on to Catania when you have done your duty to Murray, and you will find me there reading hard at Adam Smith."

As luck would have it, a coasting steamer was just about to get under way for the ports on the other side of the island. I packed up hastily, went on board of her, and was soon gliding over a glassy sea toward the Straits of Messina. At Catania—a dusty, melancholy town, built upon the hard black lava which poured down upon it from Ætna and more than half destroyed it two centuries ago—I spent a couple of solitary days, during which time I am afraid that I reflected more upon the fickleness of women than upon the *Wealth of Nations*. But on the evening of the third day a most surprising and delightful incident occurred. I was walking pensively down the principal street about the hour of sunset, when I received a smart tap on the shoulder from the handle of a parasol, and, turning round, found myself face to face with Lady Constance herself.

"I saw you from a shop on the other side of the road, where Mrs. Gilbert and Mr. Sotheran are driving hard bargains with a curiosity dealer," she said; "so I thought I would cross and inquire whether you had had a quarrel with Mr. Warren; because we left him at Palermo."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, in my astonishment, "how do you come to be here?"

"We drove," she answered; "and oh, what a tedious drive it was, to be sure! To-morrow we go on to Syracuse, and the next day we return by way of Taormina and Messina. Don't you want to see Taormina? I can't offer you a seat in our carriage because of Mr. Sotheran's legs, which are particularly unmanageable, and have to be packed sideways; but I should think you could easily hire a horse and ride over to meet us."

"Of course I should like it of all things," I answered, with some hesitation; "only—"

"Only what?"

"Well, honestly speaking, I am rather surprised at your wishing for my company. I thought I had been so unlucky as to displease you, or else that I had bored you beyond endurance."

"What can have put such a very strange notion into your head?" said she, talking through a yawn, and looking down the street. "There is Mrs. Gilbert waving excited signals to me. I suppose she has succeeded in making some hideous purchase. Is it understood, then, that we meet the day after to-morrow? I shall insist upon starting from Syracuse at break of day, because Mr. Sotheran loathes early rising, and you may expect to see us at Taormina by noon or thereabouts. Good-night—*a rivederci!*"

And presently her tall figure disappeared into the recesses of the curiosity shop.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MUNICH INTERNATIONAL ART EXHIBITION.

Of the many art exhibitions for which the year 1883 has been so remarkable, probably the most interesting is the one held in this city. Coming as it does after the others, it has the great advantage of being the recipient of almost all the best works which formed the principal attraction at Rome, Vienna, Amsterdam, Berlin, and Paris. It is especially interesting to Americans from the fact of a separate department being allotted to them. But whether the feeling on the part of Americans who visit our exhibit will be one of unalloyed satisfaction, after passing through the other magnificent halls, is a question. That our show is a meagre one must be confessed; but it is a move in the right direction, and much praise is due to those who, in the face of so many difficulties, have brought this about, and to the munificence of individuals, without which nothing could have been done. One thing is certain: no one can go through our rooms without being convinced that there are some American artists who reflect honor on their country, whose works, if not strictly of the first rank, approach it closely.

Our department might have been made an epitome of history had it embraced examples of early French and Spanish experience, colonial and Puritan life, or the Dutch occupancy of New York; these subjects would have been of general interest to all Europeans, and their want is generally commented upon. Suppose the case of an ordinary chance visitor to our department. He comes to the portal, and sees over it the word "Amerika." "Ah!" he says to himself, or perhaps to his frau, "now we will see something new; that young, fresh country, full of pulsing life, must certainly produce something worth seeing." He passes in, and rubs his eyes in amazement; he must have made a mistake, and got into some alcove or side hall of some of the other departments, for he sees nothing, generally speaking, but reflexes of Continental schools. The familiar faces of peasants confront him, incidents of German life, French landscapes, events from English history and romance, Holland scenes, etc., and among them all a few, a very few, distinctively American paintings, which in conception and execution are in the right direction. Much of this peculiar condition of our exhibit is due to the fact that the work of American artists residing abroad is stronger than, and to a certain extent overshadows, the rest, and gives to the entire collection the essentially foreign tone alluded to. Those who are studying, of course, have the excuse that they must paint what they have about them, and what their teachers feel themselves competent to criticise; but the men whose reputation is already established, who can pick and choose what they wish, should not so completely ignore the claims of their birth-place for some recognition; in fact, they should be chiefly instrumental in leading younger effort into new fields, and not divert it, as they are doing at present, into beaten tracks. Any foreigner would have greatly preferred to have seen Mr. Bridgman's studies of Indian rather than of Arab life; his great ability would have made the one as picturesque and attractive as the other, while his work would have had the additional charm of being original and not hackneyed. While English history and literature are, as it were, a part of our own, yet if Mr. Neal and Mr. Rosenthal had displayed the same grasp and conscientious study in conceptions more purely American, their paintings would have added greatly to the representative character of our exhibit; as it is, they add greatly to its honor and the general estimate of its worth.

Mr. Rosenthal's picture is the largest and most important work in our department; it represents the scene in "Marmion" where the recreant nun is brought before a synod of nuns and friars for sentence and immurement. Though Mr. Rosenthal's forte is more particularly simple and pathetic subjects, he has in this case produced a large composition full of dramatic force and power. The conception of the subject, the arrangement of light and shade, the way the great difficulties of such a picture are overcome, all indicate fine imagination and great artistic ability. Fault, however, may be found with the blackness of the shadows, and the want of that gray, mysterious quality which adds so much to the beauty of Israel's pictures, and with the rather conventional handling of the faces.

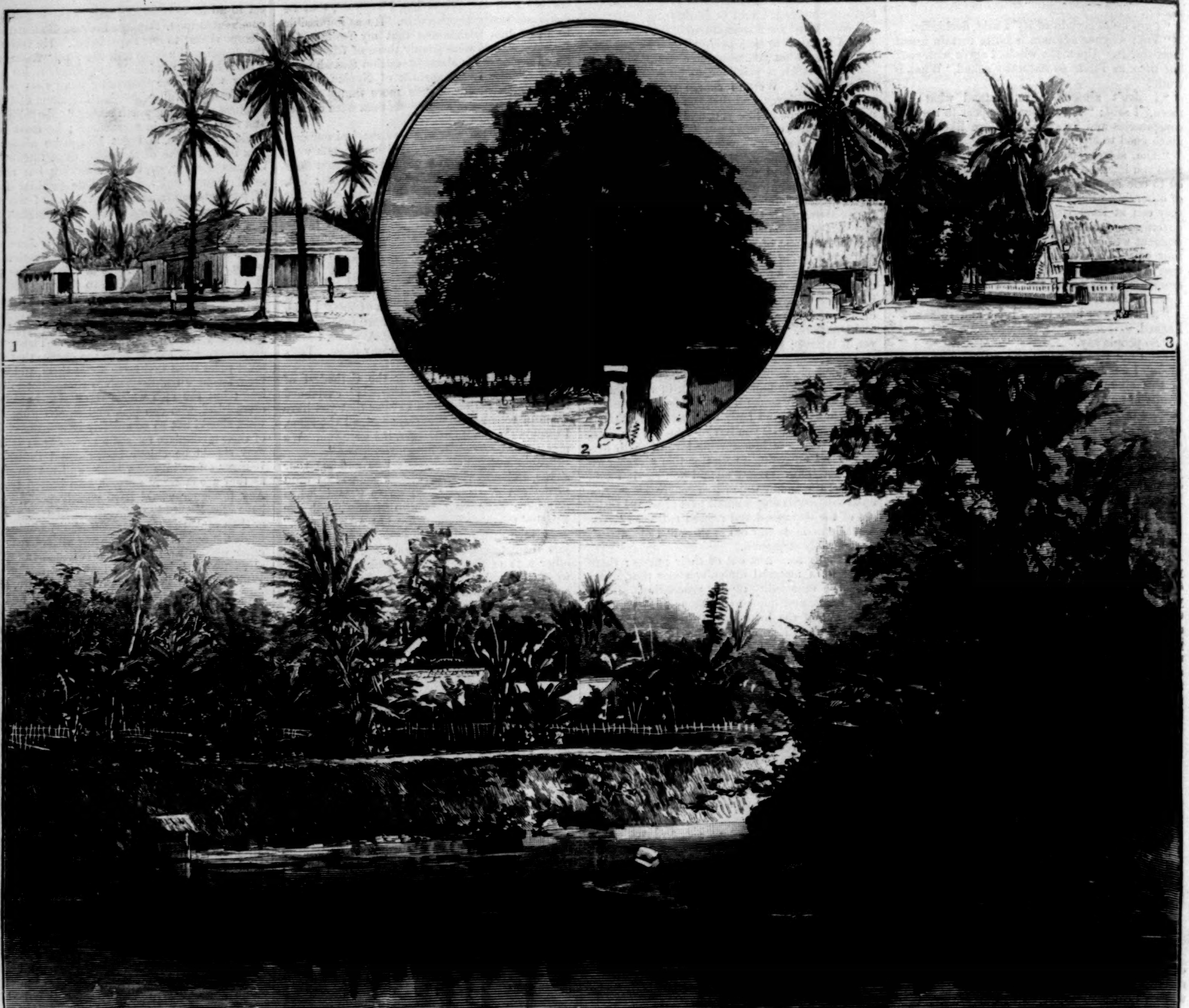
Mr. Neal's contribution, though smaller in size, about divides the honors with Mr. Rosenthal's painting. The title, "Oliver Cromwell visits John Milton of Ely," explains to a certain extent the action or idea of the work, though not wholly, for Cromwell, coming in unperceived, stops to listen to Milton, who is playing the organ in an alcove concealed from Cromwell's view. The intent listening attitude of Cromwell is admirably expressed, and there is, besides, a great deal of rugged strength and character in the face and figure; the contrasting figure of the poetic Milton is also conceived with delicacy and refinement. Altogether it is a work of originality and excellence, the color especially being exceedingly good.

Other work in the way of portraiture also stands out conspicuously, especially the contributions of Mr. Chase, Mr. Wier, and Mr. Beckwith. Of the productions mentioned, Mr. Chase's portrait of Mr. Duveneck (painted before the artist left Munich) is a very fine specimen of tone effect in color. This work would of itself be sufficient to establish Mr. Chase's reputation in any community of artists. Mr. Wier's portrait of Professor Wier is a strong, excellent piece of work, and evinces marked improvement over his head of a peasant girl, which is evidently an earlier effort; however, with the portrait the fault must be found that it is too sketchy, and not studied with sufficient care; in comparison with the portraits of Professor Cannon, of Vienna, it looks like the commencement of a powerful composition, and one regrets it is not carried farther.

In landscapes several fine examples present themselves. Mr. Quartley's marine is a fresh, vigorous, thoroughly American picture, fit to rank with any work of a like nature in the entire Exhibition; Mr. Quartley is to be heartily congratulated for having so well sustained the honor of his country. Mr. Inness's landscape with cattle is also the production of a ripe artist; if his greens were as true to nature as his drawing of animals and trees and the general composition of the peaceful scene submitted, it would meet with greater admiration than it at present excites. When a landscape of this description is compared with the cattle pictures of Hermann Baisch, it fails in strength and out-door effect. Mr. Fisher's "Spring" represents an orchard decked with blossoms, a few graceful tree forms rising above the general outline; in the foreground cattle and sheep. This landscape is thoroughly studied and admirably painted, though a trifle heavy.

The black and white collection can not be too highly commended, the artists being remarkably excellent in originality, imagination, and all those qualities which make such work interesting and valuable. Among so many almost perfect in their way and peculiar style it is hard to discriminate. The wood-cuts are simply unapproachable, and the illustrated books exhibited in taste and execution can not be surpassed by anything on this side of the water. E. P.

MUNICH, *August* 14.



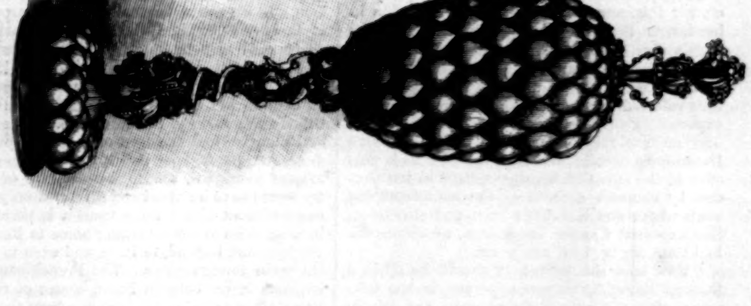
1. Telegraph Station, Anjer Point. 2. Great Banyan-Tree, Anjer Point. 3. Private Residences. 4. In the Rear of Batavia. 5. Map. 6. Trunk of Great Banyan-Tree, Anjer Point.

ON THE ISLAND OF JAVA—THE SCENE OF THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE.—From Recent Photographs.—[See Page 565.]

DESIGN FOR A BOOK-COVER.

ETRUSCAN SARCOPHAGUS.

BUST OF CICERO.



HUNTING CUP.

LOVE'S FIRST DREAM.

ART OBJECTS IN THE BOSTON FOREIGN EXHIBITION.—From Photographs.—[See Page 571.]

LOVE'S SWEET RED ROSE.

No wind that blows can ever harm
Love's sweet red rose.
The north wind will not it molest,
The south wind rocks it on its breast,
And east or west all winds are best.
Love's sweet red rose
From every wind receives some charm,
Takes richer scent, or tint more warm,
And fairer grows.

No frost love's splendid flower can blight,
No cold can kill;
Its roots are far away from harm,
Deep in the heart all safe and warm—
The tender heart that has a charm
For every ill.
And so the flower is crimson bright,
And sweetest perfume day and night
The rose leaves fill.

No storm that blows can hurt the rose—
The rose love plants;
If skies be black and overcast,
It bravely stands through rain and blast,
And fairer shows when storms are past.
The rose love plants
Through every tempest stronger grows,
In coldest seasons sweetly blows,
And perfume grants.

Then plant the tiny crimson bloom
Of love's sweet rose.
If skies are blue, if tempests lower,
'Twill sweeter be from hour to hour,
Till life and love are but one flower
That grows, and grows,
Deep in the heart's most tender gloom,
Till all is beauty and perfume
With love's sweet rose.

A DISH OF NUTS.

I.—IN WHICH THE NUTS ARE REMEMBERED.

"The train must be late."

"Trains always appear to be late to impatient lovers."

"Am I an impatient lover, then?"

"You know best."

"I know nothing, except—"

"Except what?"

"That it is five o'clock, and the pony *may* bolt when he hears the shriek of the locomotive."

"Good gracious, Iris! Let me get down."

Iris laughed, and Mrs. Bemrose descended to the ground with all the haste possible to her middle-aged ankles.

"You do not mind my waiting on the platform for the dear boy instead?" she inquired, with one of her vague glances around, while rearranging her mourning garments of widowhood on her plump person.

"Not in the least," rejoined Iris, in reckless mood. "If the pony leaps a ditch or a fence at sight of the train, we will go together."

"Iris, how can you say such wild and horrible things! I will get a man to stand beside the phaeton."

Then Mrs. Bemrose gained the platform, her gait a toddle peculiar to fat ladies, and she forgot to summon "a man" in conversation with a neighbor.

The girl remained alone in the phaeton, a smile on her lips, and a curious sensation of pain in her heart. She looked straight before her at the pony's ears, which were pricked nervously from time to time, and she thought, "I wonder what *he* would do if we had an upset?" The person thus referred to was Mr. Cowper Debenham, now expected by the train.

A modern railway station is not an effective frame for a heroine, but such romance as is possible to the situation became centred in Iris Gordon by common consent of the manufacturing town where she had been born and still lived. She expected Cowper Debenham, to whom she had been engaged for two years.

"How cool she looks! I should be all in a flutter," thought the young person in the telegraph office, envious of the phaeton, and keenly observant of the trimming on Miss Gordon's hat, while rebelling at Fate.

"Her beau's comin' home, Tommy, mother says," piped a small boy, kicking his bare feet on the platform with a recreant companion.

"My eye! I should like to scare her hoss," retorted Tommy, meditatively.

Mr. Mulooly lounged over the fence of an adjoining coal-yard, swarthy and grim, a short pipe between his teeth, and paid his tribute to beauty with national gallantry.

"She's a fine lump of a girl, anyhow," he soliloquized.

All the world is a stage, and Iris thus received her meed of criticism from her little public.

Then the train arrived, the pony shivered but stood firm, and Cowper Debenham appeared, tall, slender, elegant, in a commonplace throng.

"How are you, Iris?"

"Welcome home, Cowper."

Such was the public greeting of the lovers. A wave of bright color overspread the girl's face, but her words were few, and none of the flutter considered indispensable to the occasion by the young person of the telegraph office was perceptible in her manner. The effusive animation of Mrs. Bemrose overwhelmed all minor phases of reticence and embarrassment.

"I must tell them about my luggage," said Cowper, slowly, and with a languid intonation.

"Bless me! are you not well?" cried Mrs. Bemrose. "He looks pale and thin, Iris."

"Thanks, I am perfectly well," replied the young man, with a faint little laugh. "Rather bored away from home, you know, and a trifle used up with the club life of Paris and London."

"Naughty boy!" exclaimed Mrs. Bemrose, admiringly.

Iris bit her lip and remained silent. The ladies waited while Cowper strolled back along the crowded platform to give those orders concerning his luggage of which he had made mention. To accomplish this duty he was obliged to fit an eyeglass into one eye, which he did with a dexterity revealing long practice, and to unbend toward the porter, who consented to carry the boxes and portmanteaus of the traveller on a hand-cart, after some deliberation.

"I don't mind doin' it to oblige ye, Cowper," said this friendly native, extending a brown hand in greeting. "I guess Iris is mighty glad to see ye back hum agin; she's been lookin' kinder down and peaked lately."

Cowper winced, and withdrew his white fingers from the warm grasp of the railway functionary, with some murmured acknowledgment.

"I wonder if we shall ever understand distinctions of class in America?" he muttered.

The town took keen note of him meanwhile.

"Well, I declare!" said the young person in the telegraph office, thrusting her head through the window to inspect him.

"Hooray!" cried the small boys, with juvenile instinct of enthusiasm and derision blended.

Mr. Mulooly removed the pipe from his lips, and unable to recognize any reason why a cat may not look at a king, ejaculated, with Celtic humor, a single word—"Bedad!"

The train rushed on once more, the phaeton disappeared along the village street, and Gordonville resumed its usual avocations.

Cowper had returned home after his second European tour. That was the note rung through many changes on this eventful day; even the pony's hoofs, trotting soberly homeward, were in unison with the cadence humming in the ears of his young mistress. Cowper had been intensely English on the first occasion, while a few moments in his company now revealed a fine flavor of the Boulevards, the Champs Élysées, and the Bois de Boulogne. The month was June, the meadows were green, and the warm breeze was perfumed by the wild flowers of the hill-side, while the twin rows of elm-trees shading the main street, pride of Gordonville, wore a first delicate foliage of early summer. Iris awaited recognition of familiar objects, but none came.

"You drive well," said Cowper, in his languid accents. "Why do we turn to the right instead of to the left? The English always turn to the left, while the Continental races choose the right. Now we are of English descent."

Iris laughed, but her gray eyes grew dim beneath their long and silky lashes.

"Have you forgotten the factory, Cowper?" she inquired, with a certain sharpness in her tone, and indicating a long building with her whip.

"As if we could ever forget it!" retorted Cowper, peevishly, and with undeniable ingratitude, since all the money in his purse had been gleaned from this ignoble source.

He again fitted the glass in his eye, and surveyed the building with the cool and studied disapproval which was his usual expression, especially in his native land. He belonged to the class of young men which is the fine flower of this century, and may be designated as without nationality, cultivating *ennui* as a mood, vacuity as an expression, and a general uselessness in existence at all as a profession. Irascible elders are wont to classify this golden youth as "snips," when not resorting to stronger terms of comparison. In the present case the factory stared back at Cowper Debenham with clang of machinery, sharp peal of bells, puffs of steam from pipes, and rows of twinkling little windows, as if rejoicing like a giant in strength and vitality, and with an odor of hot oil inseparable from its activity. Clearly the factory, where were fashioned axes and ploughs, had the best of it on the peaceful June day, for Cowper Debenham could not have existed without it, while the great hive of industry would have hummed and throbbed on just the same without him. Lofty conceit is perceptible in the golden youth returning home to Russia, to England and Ireland, to Italy, and even to America from foreign parts. The Frenchman alone expands in his beloved Paris, centre of the universe, after exile in other lands, where the pretty French actress pines with hunger on Regent Street, scorning roast beef, according to sympathetic critics, and the Gallic tenor laments his favorite dishes, in the columns of *Figaro*, in such howling wildernesses as New York. Cowper Debenham bore such a fresh impress of his brand, so to speak, that Mrs. Bemrose was awed into comparative silence, and Iris found herself indisposed to harmless prattle.

"Where is John?" demanded the new arrival, at the gate.

Why did Iris manifest sudden interest in giving her pony sugar from her pocket?

"John should be here," replied Mrs. Bemrose. "He is such a busy fellow, you know. Iris will make one of her famous strawberry short-cakes for your supper, dear boy."

"Iris is very kind," said Cowper, slowly. "You dine early, of course. I have been dining at eight o'clock recently."

"Eight o'clock in the evening!" cried Mrs. Bemrose.

"Yes; that is rather late," admitted Cowper. "Half past seven is a better hour for the theatre and opera; the Prince of Wales intends to adopt it."

Mrs. Bemrose was stupefied. As for Iris, a sensation of cold pervaded her frame, like the sudden breath of an autumn wind.

"What is that—thing?" exclaimed Cowper, pausing on the gravel-path.

Iris raised her head defiantly.

"My fountain, designed by a Gordonville genius, and John had it placed here for me. Is it not pretty—the Cupid holding a shell for the falling water?"

Cowper raised his eyebrows and shoulders.

"A pink monster, a fat baby, my dear Iris. What a horror to have under one's eyes! I rejoice that my rooms are on the other side of the house."

"You must not abuse my Cupid," said Iris, quickly.

"What nonsense are you talking, O returned traveller?" said a clear voice. "The fountain is a very pretty thing. You could not design as good to save your life."

Such was the greeting of John Cleaver, easy, natural, and not devoid of a certain grace of manner, although the speaker wore the striped shirt of a mechanic. Iris darted an oblique glance expressive of dissatisfaction at John's attire. Surely he had brought himself nearer the level of the "hands" than usual, on the day of Cowper's return, in the matter of heavy boots, striped shirt, and black cravat knotted loosely about a massive throat. There was no element of the fine gentleman in him.

"You should have been at the depot," she said, petulantly.

"I could not leave work," he retorted, stiffly.

A close observer might have detected that the eyes of these two met like the swift crossing of weapons. Warmth of liking for a school-mate and bosom-friend dawned on Cowper's neutral face.

"How are you, John? Shall we embrace in the German fashion, or rush into each other's arms like Frenchmen?"

"Much obliged, old fellow. I should hate to be kissed—by a man."

"Sly dog!" laughed Cowper.

"Besides, I have not travelled," added John, with a touch of irony in his tone.

"Why do you not travel?"

"I have not the time, and would rather save the money," said John, curtly.

Cowper shrugged his shoulders, and entered the house. He had studied the gesture before the glass. "You always were an incomprehensible fellow, John."

"Commonplace is the term," echoed John, steadily.

Greetings of welcome were over at last. Mrs. Bemrose, Iris Gordon, Cowper Debenham, and John Cleaver had dwelt beneath the same roof in harmony for many years, linked together by circumstances, while claiming no mutual relationship. Their history was not devoid of interest, at least to Gordonville and the surrounding country. Each new-comer learned it speedily. The fathers of Iris and Cowper respectively had met on an emigrant ship outward-bound from Liverpool—two shabby young men, with a few shillings in their pockets, and heads full of intelligence. Chance had thrown them together, and mutual sympathy cemented a life-long friendship, taking the form of partnership. Gordonville, the noisy factory, the large house, built of wood, with a wide piazza in front, were the results of their industry. Henry Gordon and Thomas Debenham had not lifted their eyes above axes and ploughs in their day, and glad enough they were to be able to fashion them. Cowper wore Poole coats and Paris boots in his time, while Iris had a phaeton, a grand piano, and had learned French at a fashionable boarding-school. The wheel of fortune had turned a trifle for these young people in the muscular grasp of their seniors. Both parents had married, and lost their wives. When the cashier, Mrs. Bemrose's husband, was crushed in the fall of machinery, the widow had become an inmate of the Gordon house, and was given an interest in the manufactory which had so cruelly despoiled her. When John Cleaver's father, the manager, died, he said, "Let my savings remain invested in the business until John is a man, and can choose for himself." The partners had consented, and John joined the family circle. The years had swept away Henry Gordon and Thomas Debenham even as the night wind swept the leaves which fell from the maple-trees planted by their own hands before the door. Faithful to each other in the firm tenacity of an upright and honorable manhood, they had schemed that their kingdom should remain undivided in the marriage of their children. The arrogance of prosperity had characterized their projects.

"We shall never be moved, our name will endure," they had reasoned, bending over the fire, two hale old men: and the night wind, death, had swept them away. The youth and maiden loved each other, and when the terms of his father's will were fulfilled, in education and foreign travel, Cowper Debenham, whose mother had been an invalid, fond of writing verses, was to become the head of the house, with Iris as his wife.

Mrs. Bemrose presided at the supper table, wearing her best cap, which imparted to her head a curious resemblance to a cauliflower, and surveyed her young companions with maternal benevolence. Mrs. Bemrose, by nature hazy, had already evinced extraordinary aptitude in getting all Cowper's descriptions wrong, and hopelessly muddling facts. Opposite sat Iris, slim, erect, her cheeks flushed in proportion as the strawberry short-cake before her had acquired a brown and crisp aspect. She was a girl of nineteen, whose gray eyes, lustrous black hair, and mobile features had gained her readily the reputation of being the beauty of the region. Heiress, leading lady of Gordonville, high-spirited and impulsive, Iris was seldom characterized by that somewhat vague term, "a sweet creature." She wore a white dress and a crimson rose in her corsage. A diamond engagement ring flashed on her well-shaped hand. Cowper sat on the right, tall, slender, pale, with features of a beautiful regularity, save for the defect of small eyes placed too near the bridge of the nose, and a thin voice with languid intonations, which penetrated a listener's ear like steel. On the left was John Cleaver, a square-set young man with a good head, a close-cut brown beard, and a pair of hazel eyes, keen, brilliant, and frank in expression. Mrs. Bemrose placidly contemplated this trio as she poured the tea and ate the short-cake.

"Lucky young people to have such a home," she meditated, little realizing that the heart of each rebelled at the chain which held them.

The room was low, dark, and old-fashioned; the stiff portrait of Thomas Debenham on one wall confronted a stiff portrait of Henry Gordon on the other, a tall clock ticked in one corner, the house cat purred, with a bland expression of countenance, and surveyed the table. The open windows admitted the summer breeze, perfumed by the roses of the garden, and a ray of the setting sun gilded the brass ship on the clock.

The luggage of the traveller afforded as much excitement as a Christmas stocking hung in the chimney in anticipation of the gracious visit of Santa Claus. Cowper had bought with the lavish prodigality of a tourist in fresh fields. There were scientific books for John Cleaver; a shawl of Roman silk for Mrs. Bemrose; innumerable trinkets for Iris; pictures, statuettes, bronzes, and mosaics for himself. Cowper opened with especial tenderness a case of studs and scarf pins of eccentric design, representing spiders, beetles, crabs, hammers, mice climbing ladders, and frogs—a harvest gleaned in the shop windows of Paris, Geneva, and Milan.

"Here is a blue Jersey for Iris," said Cowper. "I shall be glad to see you dressed a little more like English girls."

"That is eating humble-pie indeed, if American women are to learn to dress from their English sisters," retorted Iris. "The Jersey is a charming garment—according to Mr. Punch. So be it, Cowper! I shall lace dreadfully about the waist, on this model, you know, and wear a mob-cap, and shoes many sizes too large."

"Iris can not be improved," said John Cleaver, impulsively.

"Foreign fashions are always interesting," murmured Mrs. Bemrose.

"Yes," assented Cowper. "Only you must not put on a hat wrong side foremost just because it comes from Paris. I have taken the liberty of ordering a costume for Iris on the Rue de la Paix."

"The toilet of a true Parisienne, quiet and elegant, or an eccentric dress adapted for exportation?" inquired Iris, mockingly. "Why not make a Viennese, a fashionable lady of Berlin, an Italian, of me?"

"Impossible. There is a finish about those women which you have not yet attained," drawled Cowper, piqued by banter.

Iris went to the piano, and soon her sweet voice was heard singing the old ballad,

"Do you know the truth up in heaven, Douglas?—
Douglas, tender and true."

John Cleaver stood in the window listening. The moon was full, and made long shadows on the grass.

"The last time I heard 'Douglas,' it was sung by the famous Lady Scrapmore—amateur concert for charity at the Albert Hall, and all that," said Cowper.

Iris left the piano abruptly; her fingers had struck discords.

"I have news for you, Iris. The railroad is completed, and another territory opened to the world. My friend Hampton proposes to give a town on the line my name, and I have decided to christen the infant city in the wilderness Gordonville." John was speaking in the window.

Iris was interested. Cowper was now exhorting admiring Mrs. Bemrose on accent and idioms, and the means whereby one may disguise American individuality as much as possible.

"I intend to go out there, Iris. Why not? I do not wish to remain here—always."

"Going away to live, John?" Iris swayed forward, and a cloud seemed to pass before her eyes.

John's arm caught and drew her to him. Surely, in the magic moonlight which rendered the girl so fair and the young man so noble in his profound emotion, their faces touched.

"When shall we learn to call a parlor a drawing-room?" said Cowper, in the background. "The parlor is a room back of a shop, or the place were nuns receive visitors in a convent."

An hour later the house was silent. Cowper yawned in his chamber and soliloquized:

"How dull life is here! Of course I am fond of Iris, but I wish she had the style of Lydia Welch. Heigh-ho!"

Then he slept the sleep of a bored man who is comfortable while rendering others unhappy. Iris sat at her own window for hours, lost in thought. John Cleaver plunged into the woods, and rambled about until sunrise.

A month elapsed, during which Cowper made the family uncomfortable by comparisons, criticisms, and innovations. Iris, belle of Gordonville, was forced to tread the red-hot ploughshares of perpetual suggestions in manner, dress, and use of speech. Cowper found John's coat of rustic cut, and John in turn was hurt by Cowper's change of bearing. Like George Eliot's hero, Cowper's mind "was furnished as hotels are, with everything for occasional and transient use," and a European tour had excluded not only Gordonville, but the whole American continent.

"Shall we ever cease to deluge ourselves with ice-water?" he mused at the breakfast table one morning. "I wish you would not eat hot cakes, Iris. I fancy your complexion suffers."

The girl's eyes flashed. She went to the bookcase and took down a volume. Cowper laughed softly. One would have inferred that he enjoyed irritating another, such was his own discontent.

"What book have you there?" he drawled.

"Edmond About's *Maitre Pierre*."

"Ah, and what interests you in it?"

"A dish of nuts," said Iris.

II.—IN WHICH THE NUTS ARE PRESENTED.

Two young men crossed the meadow, with guns over their shoulders, in pursuit of squirrels. October sunshine bathed the land, and October frosts had seared the foliage. Iris, carrying a feather

duster, sought Cowper's apartment, where Mrs. Bemrose permitted no clumsy menial to enter. On the threshold she paused and blushed vividly. John Cleaver's Spartan chamber, with its books, riding-whips, and guns, should be first arranged, she decided. John was soon to leave home. This duty fulfilled, she returned to the sybaritic retreat of Cowper, hung with blue silk curtains, redolent of perfume sachets, and crowded with exquisite trifles. A Turkish dressing-gown was thrown carelessly over a chair, and the contents of a pocket had fallen on the floor. Iris stooped and picked up an envelope, from which the letter had slid out, and a photograph. The written page, of recent date, clearly verged on a love-letter, while the photograph, taken by electric light, was the portrait of a young lady in a ball dress worthy of Worth.

"Lydia Welch," Iris read. Surprise, humiliation, rage, and a great joy filled her soul.

That night the moon was again full. Iris had been indisposed all day. At nine o'clock a radiant form dawned upon the young men, smoking on the piazza in the moonlight, and dazzled them. Iris stood there, clad in white silk and lace, pearls in her ears and hair—quaint ornaments worn by her mother at her own bridal.

"A whim," she explained, airily. "It is my birthday, you know, and I have prepared a little supper. Come."

Cowper, spurred to gallantry by her brilliant beauty, kissed her hand. John Cleaver turned away his head in silence.

In the dining-room a true feast was spread—salad, sandwiches, cakes, fruit, and ice-cream. A large covered dish, like a soup tureen, occupied the centre. Candles in candelabra not only lighted the delicacies prepared, but illuminated the face and graceful form of the hostess.

"I am to serve everybody, and the dish in the centre must remain covered until the last," said Iris, gayly.

Mrs. Bemrose and Cowper ate their salad placidly. John Cleaver, pale to the lips, watched Iris, detecting feverish unrest beneath assumed hilarity.

"Cowper approves of foreign customs," said Iris. "There is one I greatly admire. Yes, I found it described in Edmond About's *Maître Pierre*. Listen. In the Landes a suitor presents himself before the peasant girl he wishes to marry. Her parents understand the object of his visit without any irksome discussions about marriage settlements and a mutual adoration. He does not criticise the bride-elect, nor seek to remodel her on the pattern of the women of other countries, because he finds her perfect. I have reason to believe he never alludes to Paris toilets and the manners of London society. The suitor and his friends are politely received, and invited to remain to supper. The bride-elect has the right to place a covered dish in the centre of the table. At the close of supper she reveals the contents to all the world. If the dish contains nuts, and she offers them to the suitor, she rejects him, and he departs. What a charming form of *congé*, giving the mitten! All explanations are avoided. You are right, Cowper; some foreign fashions are worthy of imitation."

Iris uncovered the dish in the middle of the table. It was filled with nuts. A sudden stillness pervaded the room.

"Cowper, I offer you some nuts, after the custom of Les Landes," she said, and her face grew cold, severe.

Cowper stared in stupefaction. Iris heaped his plate with the nuts by a quick movement.

"My dear girl, I do not wish it," he finally expostulated.

"But I wish it!" she retorted, imperiously.

"You mean to throw me over, Iris?"

"Now you are a mere commonplace American, Cowper. I offer you a dish of nuts in the fashion of Les Landes."

Cowper reddened; he understood even in his bewilderment. "Our parents desired our marriage," stiffly.

"Our parents did not require us to be unhappy. Marry Lydia Welch, whose photograph and letter, dated last week, I found on the floor in your room this morning."

"She would not have me," he exclaimed. "She is a tremendous heiress and an awful coquette. I travelled with her party. You are jealous, that is all. I much prefer you."

"Thank you," said Iris, haughtily.

Mrs. Bemrose sat blinking like an owl in direst consternation. John had escaped by the window. Half an hour later a white-robed form glided to his side, and a tender face looked up into his.

"Was the farce well played? Cowper was even unfaithful to me; but I forgive him because—"

"In Heaven's name, what does it all mean?" cried John, hoarse with passion and doubt.

"Are you going alone to the infant city in the wilderness, John?" she whispered, tremulously.

"Will you go with me?—share my fate? Oh, my love, what have I done to deserve such joy? Now I know why you were named Iris in your cradle," replied the young man, in a vibrating tone, full of tenderness.

Mrs. Bemrose and Cowper appeared in the open doorway.

"Dear freinds, we have decided to desert the old nest, and found a new Gordonville in the far West," said Iris, placing her hand within the arm of John Cleaver, and always with that tinge of mockery in her voice. "We were made for pioneers, and not to adorn society, perhaps."

A flood of exclamations, questions, and tears on the part of Mrs. Bemrose. A hand-shake, intended to be magnanimous, on the part of Cowper Debenham, who felt the breath of that cold night wind which had chilled the heart of Iris Gordon on the day of his return home, and earlier had swept the parents away. What was the cable wrought by Thomas Debenham and Henry Gordon but a rope of sand, after all? Mrs. Bemrose, shorn lamb, otherwise comfortable widow, alone beheld the solace of the situation as guardian of the old house in the future.

THE BOSTON FOREIGN EXHIBITION.

SOME OF THE ART OBJECTS.

The Bonaparte Sarcophagi.—The Etruscan sarcophagus is eight feet long by four wide and four high, and is made of the rare and costly material, Oriental alabaster, with alto-relievos on the ends and sides, and two full-length recumbent figures on the cover—husband and wife embracing each other in the still sleep of death. The sides represent battle scenes, one being a fight between Amazons and male warriors, which I trust is no allusion to any domestic strife of the married couple now reposing in such affectionate embrace on top, forming a souvenir of domestic happiness, which is the greatest of human blessings in any age. They had died, probably about the same period, in the full maturity of years, and there they still lie, after their rest of twenty-five centuries, more or less, unobservant of any outer world, regarding each other with steadfast love and a look of vitality that prompts the spectator to gently waken them and ask for the story of their lives. If the alabaster tell the truth, it would prove an edifying tale, doubtless, for husbands and wives of every race and age, confirming the sculptor's motive so admirably rendered, and proving the kinship of all humanity by a touch of nature's eternal truth.

The sculpture is of the Græco-Etruscan order, of the period when there was a combination of the elements of both styles of art. What can be the meaning of the griffins and lions tearing to pieces a bull at each end, with Etruscan inscriptions over and at the sides of the griffins, it is mere conjecture to try to interpret, but probably has some reference to incidents in the life of the Lars, or lord, whose riches, or the gratitude of fellow-citizens for services rendered, enabled him to be buried with his wife in so magnificent a sarcophagus.

The other sarcophagus is of the highest and purest order of native Etruscan art, of perhaps greater antiquity than the other, one side only and the ends and top being richly sculptured. The procession of figures of both sexes, with the central couple in the prime of life grasping hands, would seem to indicate the contemporary departure of a distinguished citizen and his wife for the lower world by sudden death, and their attendants with chant and music bearing to the tomb the usual furniture, provisions, and gifts for their use in their new home. On the cover of the sarcophagus, which unfortunately in excavating was broken in two, in more graceful and equally loving attitude as the other, intensely gazing into each other's eyes, we see the effigies of those whose bodies long ago mouldered into dust within the sarcophagus.

"Love's First Dream," a Group in Carrara Marble by the late Edward Thaxter, of Portland, Maine.—This work was modelled in clay in Florence in 1880 by the author, and executed after his death by Italian workmen in a remarkably pure block of marble. It represents the first dream of love of a young maiden—a trite subject in itself, but so treated as to be fresh and interesting, from the gracefulness of the pose, the delicate fancy of the thought, the purity of its sentiment, fineness of modelling, and, above all, from its perfect sympathy with the taste and feeling of our own time in sculpture. About it there is the limpid atmosphere of the natural world of to-day, refined and made poetical, genuinely human, yet carrying with it enough of the æsthetic symbolism of classical art to make clear at first glance its exceptional loveliness of form and idea. A young girl just budding into ripe womanhood, of that delicate type and conformation that distinguish America above all other countries, with closed dreamy eyes, and limbs relaxed in gentle slumber, is having her first sensations of love's bewitching power, unconscious whence they come. She is slowly rising and floating like a bubble skyward from a bed of roses, which amorously cling to her swaying form and partially hide one foot, her lovely head bent forward and downward, encircled by her white beautiful arms, which form a frame-work for it, like a bird's nest in a sheltered niche, with her rich tresses, agitated by the upward motion, tossing and rippling over her virgin breast and shoulders. Resting on the back of her head is a perfect sprite of a baby Cupid, with shrewdest, brightest features, in which innocence and mischief are equally balanced, and sparkling joy predominating. He has entangled his prey in the meshes of his net, which drapes itself like a running stream around her exquisite form, and with one hand lifting up the end of the net, and the other dimpled arm pressing it to his breast, he is soaring up, up, to the visionary land of fancied mortal bliss. The lines and gradations of curves are skillfully felt and carried out, producing an undulating, ascending action, alive with sensuous repose, as the girl, intoxicated with sweet conceits, mounts upward, drawn by the irresistible beguiling power of the pretty sprite of Venus. As a work of art of our own school it is of highest excellence in its line of fancy, and makes us regret profoundly the sudden extinction of a youthful genius—for Mr. THAXTER was only twenty-four when he died—which had so much promise for its reputation. Mr. T. was then thinking out a companion group to represent the reverse of this motive—the catching of Cupid by a wide-awake maiden and imprisoning him in his own devices. Italy has sent the Boston Exhibition some creditable native sculpture of a similar character, as, for instance, BARCAGLIA'S "Love Blindeth," and the Girl and Butterfly; but these do not quite come up to THAXTER'S work, although very spirited and beautiful.

Bronze Bust of Cicero, Life Size, Mounted on Antique Porphyritic Marble.—This portrait of the great Roman orator, which is vigorously and broadly modelled, seemingly after nature, comes from a noble family in North Italy, who kept it in a niche in their villa near Chiari from a remote time. Nothing more is definitely known of its history, and opinions of experts are divided as to its date. Some, including the eminent sculptor ALBANO, of Florence, and Professor CONTI, Inspector of the Uffizi Gallery, consider it to be "*scultura della megliore epoca Romana*," which, if correct, would make it contemporary with CICERO himself. Others believe it to be the work of some distinguished sculptor of the fifteenth century. All agree, however, in pronouncing it to be a genuine powerful likeness of CICERO, worthy of the best Roman period.

Especially worthy of mention are a German hunting cup in silver, partially gilt, of the seventeenth to eighteenth century style of workmanship, elegant and graceful in form, and a specimen of Italian tool book-binding of the best Renaissance period, in red morocco and gold—a very beautiful specimen of an art much in repute among book collectors. JAMES JACKSON JARVES.

CANOEING AMONG THE KANUCKS.

ABOUT the middle of last month the steamer *Norseman* carried a novel cargo across Lake Ontario from Charlotte, at the mouth of the Genesee River, to Port Hope, in Canada. It was a cargo of canoes and their paraphernalia, canoeists, and an infinite variety of camp equipage, all consigned to Stony Lake, in the province of Ontario, Canada. A journey of several hours by rail directly north from Port Hope, and a short cruise of fifteen miles across the island-dotted waters of Stony Lake, brought the canoeists to the bold, rocky, and forest-crowned promontory that had been selected as the scene of the Fourth Annual Encampment of the American Canoe Association. White tents, already erected, gleamed among the trees, and high above them floated the blood-red flag of Great Britain and the Stars and Stripes side by side. A little higher than either of these waved the banner of the association, a triangular burgee of three bars, red, white, and red, bearing the letters A. C. A.

Soon after the arrival of the Americans from the south side of Lake Ontario new clusters of snowy tents dotted the rugged promontory, and many more bits of gay bunting were fluttering in the evening breeze. Among them was the red, white, and red flag of the New York, the oldest of the canoe clubs; the crimson field and blue diamond of the Knickerbockers; the great blue banner, bearing the word "Mohican" in white letters, of the Albany men; the single white star on a red and blue field of the Springfield (Massachusetts) Club; the colors of the L. G. C. C., as blue as the waters of their own Lake George; the flags of the Philadelphia, Rochester, and Saratoga clubs, and many other club and private signals, contrasting vividly with the white tents, the blue waters of the lake, and the dark green of the forest, and forming a brilliant combination of colors such as has been unknown to this Canadian wilderness since when, more than a century ago, it was traversed by the gayly caparisoned troops of France and England.

As the shades of evening fell, camp fires blazed from every island and jutting point as far as the eye could see, and cast their long tremulous reflections of ruddy light across the dark waters; for the great A. C. A. camp was the centre of attraction for many smaller groups, of from one to half a dozen tents, in which whole families and scores of invited guests were making merry holiday. After supper the sounds of music were borne on the heavy night air from the several camps, and soon twinkling lights of many colors began to dart back and forth among the islands and across the bosom of the lake.

For a paddling race there is certainly very little to be done after the long days of practice, that have hardened the muscles to the consistency of steel, and given their owner the wind of a pair of bellows, have passed; but for a sailing race the preparations seem never to be completed, no matter how much time is allowed. No sailing in the world is so delicate, nor requires such a quick eye, perfect self-control, and good judgment, as that of a canoe. The little craft of two feet and a half beam, and perhaps nine or ten inches depth of hold, often carries a hundred feet of canvas in her mainsail and half as much more in her mizzen. To give her stability under this great spread of sail, she must be ballasted by a hundred or more pounds of shot in twenty-five pound bags. In coming about, if this weight is not instantly shifted to the other side as the mainsail swings over, a capsize is certain. The crew, who must attend to the steering, the sheets and halyards, the shifting of ballast, the reefing of sails when this becomes necessary, and many other details of sailing which occur during a race, is like the famous crew of the "*Nancy*, brig," and is composed of but one man. In a blow it often occurs that he must brace his feet under the lee coamings and throw the whole weight of his body outside of his boat to windward to aid his ballast in keeping her right side up. At the same time he must steer and trim sheets, with spray in clouds flying over him and drenching him to the skin. If at such a critical moment a sheet or halyard, or his steering gear, or almost any bit of his rigging, should part, he would probably capsize, and at any rate stand a good chance of losing his race. Therefore it behooves him to know his boat and her capabilities thoroughly before entering the race, to shift her sails until they exactly balance and she will almost steer herself, to know to an ounce how much ballast she needs, to have every rope in the most convenient possible position, and to test every inch of his spars and rigging. No species of sailing craft so shares the personality of its owner as the canoe. Timidity and want of practice, or lack of confidence in his boat, are shown by the frequent taking in and shaking out of reefs, repeated luffings, and an uneasy shifting of the owner's position with every movement of the canoe. The bold and skillful canoeist, on the other hand, makes up his mind before starting what sail his boat can stand during each particular race, directs her course with unerring certainty from point to point, and maintains from start to finish the position that experience has taught him is most likely to insure her safety.

A beautiful example of this complete sympathy between canoe and master was shown in the first sailing race of the regatta, which was magnificently won by the *Snake*, of the Mohican Club, of Albany. She is a new and very beautiful boat, and differed in rig from all others at the meet by carrying a jib in addition to two lateen-sails. It was not her jib, however, nor her lines, that won for her this as well as several other races, but the superb manner in which she was handled. At the finish of the first race, which moment our artist has happily illustrated on page 564, she was heeled over before a beam wind that blew half a canoe gale, carrying everything that could be crowded on her. Her master, lying far out to windward, refused to yield an inch to the main-sheet that tugged and strained in his hand, and she rounded the home stake in a smother of foam and spray, amid the enthusiastic cheers of the spectators, winner by half a mile of her maiden race.

The last night of camp life, like the first, was one of unrestrained jollity and fun. An audience of six hundred staid and sober Canadians were convulsed with laughter by the performances and songs of the "Centipede Minstrels"—a camp organization composed entirely of Americans. The camp dude was paraded in feminine garb, a fair Canadienne distributed the prizes won in the races to the victors, and at last, standing with uncovered heads, the whole assembly made the forest aisles ring with a grand chorus of "America" and "God Save the Queen."

DEFECTIVE INSPECTION.

IT is a perfectly laudable and legitimate object for the government of the United States to pursue to secure the safety of passengers on steam vessels. It ought to be an object that can be attained, and if the government were to go about it in the right way, there is no doubt that it could be attained. But the explosion of the boiler or boilers of the steamboat *Riverdale* is a perfectly conclusive proof that the present methods do not work. The *Riverdale* was an old vessel, and had been lengthened once, and repaired several times, and had borne several names. All this threw some suspicion on the condition of the boat, but, so far as appears, she was as safe as government inspection could make her; nor is there any reason to suppose that the inspection was not made thoroughly in accordance with law. The boilers of the *Riverdale* were only four years old. They were examined in June, and a certificate of soundness, both as to them and as to the hull, was given in July. In short, everything that the government can do was done to secure the safety of the passengers.

It amounted to nothing. When the steamboat was pushing slowly up stream, having slackened speed to allow another boat to get away from the dock where she expected to get most of her passengers, and when there was only twenty-two pounds of steam on boilers guaranteed to carry forty-five pounds with entire safety, one boiler or both exploded. The hull was torn to pieces amidships. The bottom appears to have been blown out, and in from three to five minutes she sank. Five persons lost their lives in various ways, mostly by drowning, after being injured by flying timbers, and several were badly wounded. It was about 3 P.M. of August 28; the river was thronged with steam-tugs in the vicinity of Sixteenth Street, where the explosion occurred; there were but few passengers aboard, and so, thanks to prompt rescuers, the loss of life was relatively small. Had the accident occurred later, when the passengers had come aboard from Twenty-second Street, where most of them take the boat, which ran to the river towns as far as Nyack, or had the accident taken place of a holiday, or even on a Saturday, it is probable that the deaths would have been many. They might easily have made the disaster one of the most terrible that the waters around New York have ever witnessed.

As it is, the occurrence was bad enough to attract very serious attention to the condition of the law regulating the inspection of steam-boilers. It shows that in this case at least the inspection was absolutely worthless, and that it may be so in a great many, perhaps in a majority of cases. It appears to show, too, not defective administration of the law, but a substantial defect in the law itself. The law was apparently strictly observed, and its requirements proved of no avail. To this extent the law is useless. It awakens false confidence, and until it can be made efficient it is obviously worse than no law at all. The only suggestion as to the cause of the disaster which is plausible is that the *Riverdale* used both salt and fresh water in her boilers, and perhaps both at once, and it is claimed that if this were done the bottom of the boilers would become corroded and weakened in such a fashion that the injury could not be discovered by inspection. This is a suggestion that should be carefully examined, as indeed should every other conceivable, when the boilers of the wrecked boat are raised, and there is a chance for a thorough investigation. But it is greatly to be feared that no investigation will bring to light clearly the cause of the accident. The facts in the case, however, should call the attention of Congress to the necessity of strengthening the law, and this can not be done by simply making it more severe. It must be done by making the destruction of life and limb more costly to the owners of steamboats.

Rises at 5 A.M., and rushes down to the pier only to wait four hours in a broiling sun for the boat, which is, as usual, delayed. Discovers that that odious Jones man is going too.

Gets a seat in the boat between two old women, who discourse all the way down the bayou on the "awfulness" of men in general and their own husbands in particular—

while that long Jones man is making himself agreeable to Arabella in the bow of the boat.

Arrived at the landing, the party take wagons for the picnic grounds. Just enough seats for all but one. Tops is relegated to a seat in the tail of a wagon, because he is *so* good-natured. Swallows his feeling with a lot of dust.

Walks for half a mile across a stubble field, loaded like a porter, because he is *so* obliging. Jones said, "Let's each take something." So *he* took Arabella and a pint can of milk.

Tops is sent to a spring half a mile off with small boy to fetch water. Carries both buckets back because the boy said he was sick and had a sore foot. Tops said afterward he didn't believe that boy was sick at all.

Being *so* obliging, is requested to make the lemonade. Tops wanted to know if they *really* expected him to make it with one lemon.

Climbs a tree to fix the swing. Gets into difficulties. While it is all he can do to hold on at all, that beast Jones stands below and shouts to him to "make it good and strong, Tops."

Gets a few moments alone with Arabella, and was just about to remonstrate with her on her cruel treatment of him, when the comic man of the party has to have *his* turn.

It was mean of Jones to yell "Snake!" when Tops was in the middle of a blackberry thicket.

The elderly and serious members of the party, accompanied by the accordion fiend, insist on Tops joining in a little singing. Tops hates singing.

Gets a chance to take Arabella for a row on the lake, and thought everything was lovely at last, when that brute Jones came along, and, Arabella displaying some timidity, volunteers to go along and hold her in the boat.

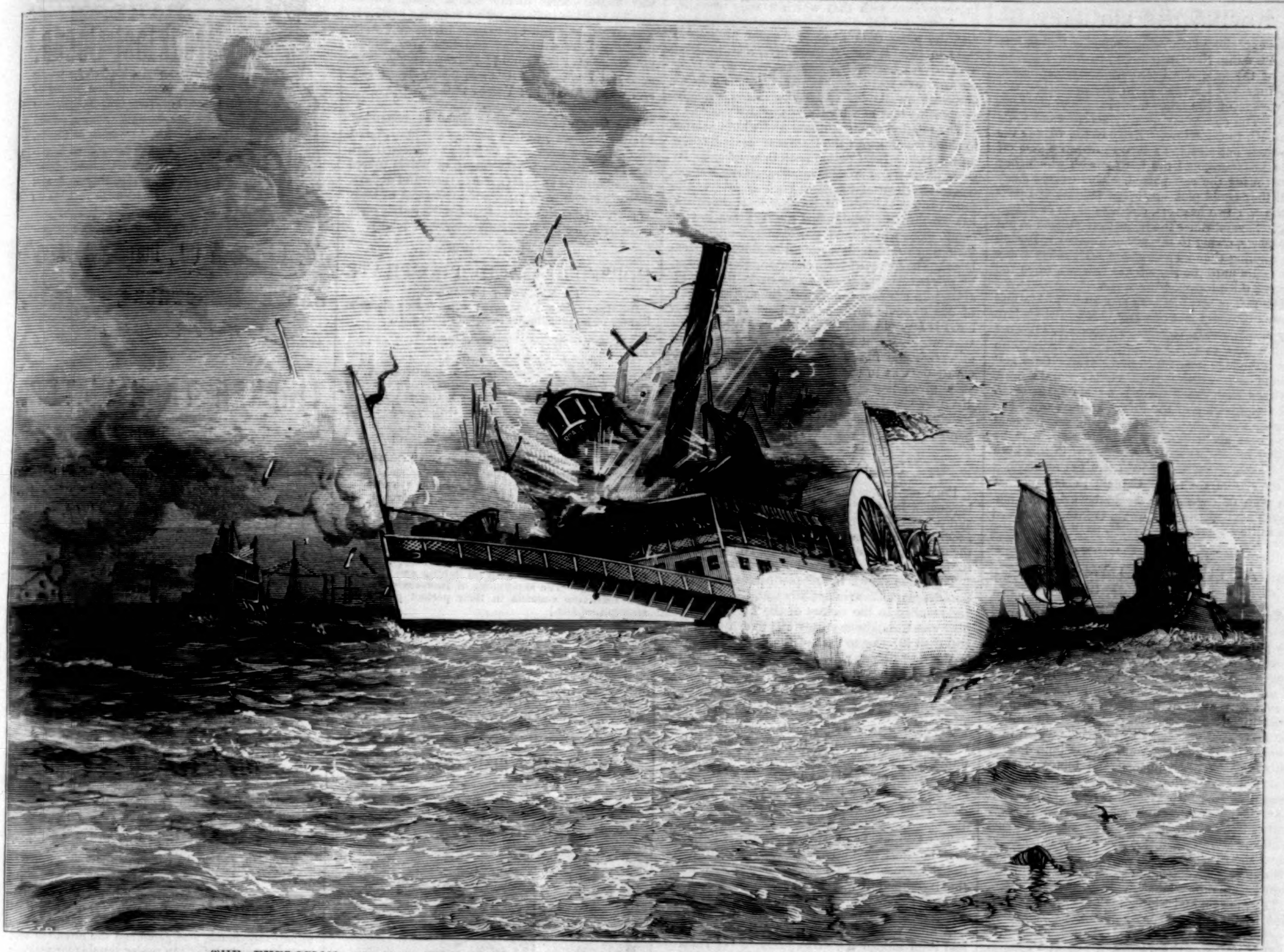
Tops, tired out and disgusted, seeks seclusion, and just as he finds a retired nook is startled by the voice of Jones, saying: "Hallo, Topey, old boy! is that you? Come in! it's all right; *we're engaged!*"

Tops goes home—

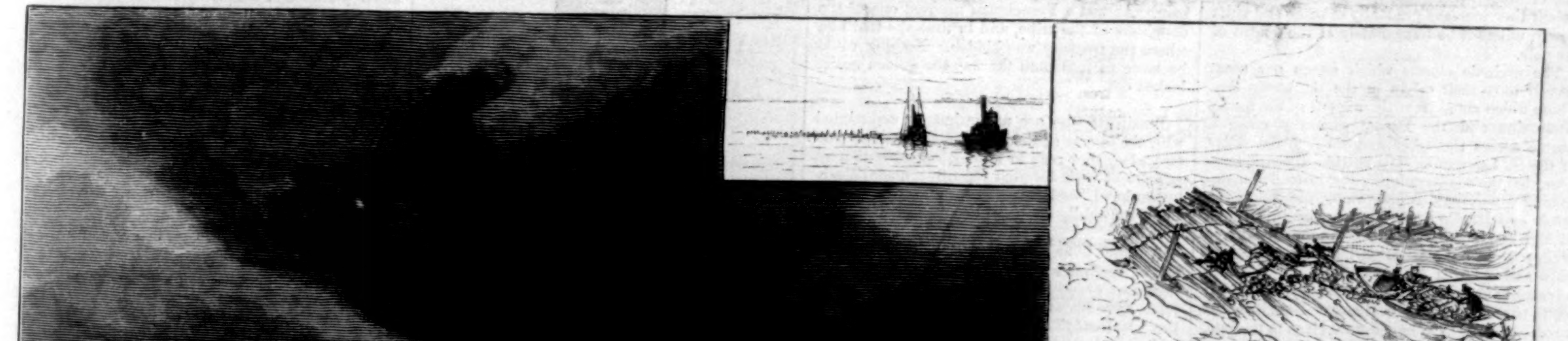
just in time to avoid the usual picnic shower. It is suggested that the band play a few lively tunes to raise the spirits of the party.

Tops said afterward the only part of the day he really enjoyed was when he was seated dry and comfortable on the boat, and saw the above procession file down the road.

THE MISERIES OF A GOOD-NATURED MAN AT A PICNIC.



THE EXPLOSION OF THE EXCURSION STEAMBOAT "RIVERDALE."—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.—[SEE PAGE 571.]



THE OCEAN VOYAGE OF A LUMBER RAFT.—DRAWN BY SCHELL AND HOGAN.—[SEE PAGE 574.]

TOWING THE BIG RAFT.

The experiment of towing a monster timber raft from St. John, New Brunswick, to New York, by way of the sea, has been safely accomplished. Two tugs were employed in the operation, and the voyage of 600 miles occupied about eighteen days. The course lay directly across from Cape Elizabeth to Cape Cod. Early in the voyage the tow-boats encountered a heavy northeast gale off Cape Elizabeth, and the hawser with which they were towing the raft parted. This caused delay until they could pick up the parted line and pass to the tow two hawsers, one leading to each tug-boat. Several times the boats were obliged to put into ports, owing to the rough weather. During the running time an average of sixty miles a day was made until the Sound was reached, when the adverse tides lessened the speed.

The raft is 800 feet long and 30 feet wide, and draws over eight feet of water. It is divided into eleven cargoes, or sections, of about 500 65-foot spiling logs each. The cargoes are cribs, into which the logs were rolled and stored. Over and around the sections great chains were wound. Between each cargo there is a wide space to allow free working of the raft in a rough sea. The cargoes weigh about 250 tons each, and it would have cost about $25,000 to bring them here by sailing vessels, as the boats engaged in this kind of transportation demanded extra pay on account of the size of the raft. Captain Ellis said that the plan of tug-towing would be generally employed next season, and would eventually succeed the sailing vessels' trade.

AUTUMN AND WINTER CYCLONES.

The genesis of the brief Western hurricane and the cyclonic storm of our coast is the same. In the first the barometric depression is abrupt and precipitous, while in the other the gradients are longer and of a more gentle slope. The inrush of the moist warm air of the Gulf of Mexico and a cold current from the north into a centre of precipitous barometric depression sets in motion the fierce and destructive whirlwinds which in a moment level to the ground solidly built towns. Witnesses of these phenomenal tempests have observed that within the focus of the funnel-shaped cloud which is an invariable accompaniment of these whirlwinds the attraction of gravitation has for the moment appeared to be suspended. Objects which it touched as it bounded along the earth were not leveled or swept along with it in its course, but flew upward into the vortex of gyratory meteor.

The autumn and winter cyclones are accompanied by no such violent commotions of the atmosphere. While a funnel-shaped cloud frequently precedes these gales, it flies at a considerable altitude, and rolls majestically on in the face of the advancing gale. While the winds are violent they increase gradually in force and shift slowly, unless it be immediately at the centre of the gale.

The cyclonic storms which sweep our coast usually have their origin in the Caribbean Sea. Those which come from the regions of the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific generally make a course across the lakes and through the valley of the St. Lawrence. It sometimes occurs, however, that the southern hurricane, instead of maintaining a northeast course along the South Atlantic and Middle States, is deflected by an area of high barometer, and sweeps up the Mississippi Valley toward the lakes and the St. Lawrence. Now and again it happens that a storm centre advancing along the coast and one from the West unite near or about Cape Henry. Then it is that a redoubled fury and impetus are given to the gale, and the Jersey shore is strewn with wreckage from stranded ships.

It will be understood that what is meant by the direction of a storm is not the direction of the wind, but the course followed by the centre of the disturbance. Hence a cyclonic storm advancing up our coast in a northeast direction does so in face of northeast or opposing wind. The wind may continue in this direction, hourly increasing in force, for two or three days, and a shift will not occur until the centre of the gale has passed, when the wind will change to south and west, if the centre has passed to the north and east or to the east; and north or northwest, if the centre has passed to the south and southeast. The barometer is a tolerably accurate guide in this matter; for if the fall is deep and rapid, the chances are that the storm centre will pass near by to the north, but if the fall of the mercury is but a trifling and slow one, the chances are that the storm centre will pass to the south. There are exceptions to this, however, as was shown in the gale which visited the Middle Atlantic coast in March last, the one coincident with the prophecy of the Canadian Wiggins. On this occasion the storm commenced with great violence at southeast, accompanied by a phenomenal and rapid fall of the barometer, from 30.10 to 28.95. The steady and hurried drop of the mercury indicated a violent shift of wind into south and west. Had this occurred, and the reacting winds been of corresponding force, the destruction of property would doubtless have been very great, particularly on Long Island. Instead of this, the wind suddenly shifted to the north. As a rule, when the wind backs into this quarter, there is a correspondingly rapid rise of the barometer, but on this occasion, to make it the more exceptional, the barometer continued low for several days, with moderate winds.

As another proof of how, on occasions, the indications of the barometer will be entirely at fault, the recent great tidal wave on the Middle Atlantic coast affords a notable instance. As a rule, a high barometer is accompanied by low tides, and the contrary by tides exceptionally full. In accordance with that which usually prevails, the barometer being considerably above the normal, the great tidal wave of August 29 had no right to be. It should have been accompanied by a severe barometric depression. As stated, the contrary was the case. In fact, the tide on our coast on the day specified attained a height as great as that of which we have any record.

The relation of our autumn and winter storms to those which assail the European coast has not until within a brief period been determined. By close, patient, and intelligent research the Meteorological Bureau of the New York *Herald*, in the face of the ridicule of foreign meteorologists, has conclusively established the fact that the cyclonic gales which leave our shores are identical with those which devastate the European seaboard. The forecasts from observations carried on by private enterprise are so accurate that several days in advance the date of the arrival of one of our cyclonic gales on the English or French coast is foretold almost to an hour. With all the vast machinery at its command the government observers and forecasters can not supply as accurate data as to the possible arrival of a storm at a given point in our own territory as that given by the compact and thoroughly equipped Meteorological Bureau of a daily metropolitan journal. Gaston Fay.

POLO ON SKATES.

Polo on roller skates, instead of ponies, has become a favorite pastime in Boston, Newport, and other cities where commodious rinks afford facilities for the game. It is played subject to the usual rules, and offers the same opportunities for excitement and the display of pluck and skill.

The game shown in our picture was played in the Olympian Club rink at Newport, Rhode Island, and resulted in the victory of the Alphas. Their play was throughout steady and fine, though now and then inferior to that of the Newports. This is the first defeat which the Newports have experienced at home.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

According to a writer in Saratoga, one of the most notable visitors at that resort this season was a bride, who was accompanied in her walks for exercise on the hotel piazza by a black-and-tan dog that wore two-thousand-dollar diamond rings in its precious ears.

The Democrats of Massachusetts will be the first in the Union to choose delegates to a National Convention in 1884. They will be about the last in the Union to choose delegates to an Electoral College.

A mine was opened recently in Manitoba which had been known for many years to the Indians, but they believed that the Great Spirit would kill any one who should reveal its location to a white man. At last a Frenchman married one of the daughters of the tribe, and in time she told him where the treasure was hidden. Nothing could be more natural than the way the golden secret leaked out.

Brazilians who are not intimately acquainted with the idioms of the United States will be puzzled when they read in a Western paper that an attaché of their legation recently "made Washington howl," and that, "in fact, he tried to paint the town red."

A writer in an English paper tells how collectors of postage stamps have been cheated by an ingenious swindler. The dealer in bogus postal relics gave his attention to making imitations of the "Mulready" envelope, genuine specimens of which find purchasers at about thirty dollars each. His method was to affix an ordinary postage stamp to the forged envelope, address it to a confederate at another office, and commit it to the mail. When it arrived at its destination it had the official stamps of "date" and "place of postage" thereon. With these evidences of genuineness, and with the ordinary postage stamp ingeniously removed, the bogus envelopes easily found buyers.

In Cincinnati, a few days ago, Mr. Barnum's elephant Queen, the mother of the youngest of baby captive elephants, killed a man by crowding him against a wagon as he was passing her. Her keeper gives her a reputation for noteworthy cunning when he says he is almost positive that Queen killed the man purposely, and that she is capable of doing so in a manner calculated to leave the impression that it was only clumsiness on her part.

A Canadian writer makes the somewhat alarming statement that at the present rate of consumption the supply of pine and spruce in the United States will be exhausted in less than seven years. He says that the amount of pine alone cut in this country annually is ten billion feet, and that the entire supply uncut is not more than eighty billion feet.

A dispatch chronicling the death of a priest named Czvitkovicz says that he was better known as Father Alexander. The good man would have been better known by almost any other name than Czvitkovicz.

The milk of the three cows in Sitka, Alaska, is sold at eighty cents a quart. Sitka seems to be a promising field for men with patents for sinking Artesian wells.

The first person appointed to a clerkship in the Treasury Department under the operation of the new civil service rules was a Connecticut girl. Her standing in the recent examination was 89.96. Next to her was a young woman candidate from Indiana, with a standing of 85.75. The second and third in respect to standing were candidates from Virginia and Louisiana, whose markings were 74.75 and 73.75 respectively. The successful competitor is twenty-four years old, and was graduated at Vassar College.

The Queen of England is criticised somewhat sharply in some quarters because she has offered pardon and a reward of twenty-five hundred dollars to the thieves for the return of jewels valued at one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, recently stolen from among the treasures of Lady Trevor. The critics hold that her Majesty's offer is an overture for the compounding of felony.

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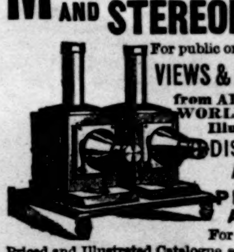

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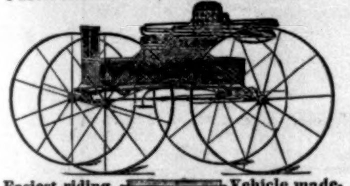

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